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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth

This "Prime" Minister

England Arise! And KNOW what to do

So that there may be no mistake, this is the telegram which I sent to the Prime Minister on April 6th. There is a rumour going round that the reason the Prime Minister could not accept my offer was because I made impossible conditions. This is **ABSOLUTELY FALSE**. I made **NO CONDITIONS**—excepting the condition that the £200,000 was to be spent on the **DEFENCE OF LONDON**.

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

I ALONE have dared to point out the dire need and necessity for an Air Defence for London. You have muzzled others who have deplored this shameful neglect—for London is the only Capital in Europe without any Air Defence—and for the last four months my Offer of £200,000 to supply this crying need has been before you and your Government but has been ignored because I have spoken the Truth about you—your amour propre being of more importance in your own eyes than the safety of London.

THEREFORE, with my heart full of sorrow and despair I am, at last, forced to withdraw this Offer. You have treated my patriotic gesture with a contempt such as no other Government in the World would or could have been guilty of towards a Patriot.

YOU have flippantly behaved as if my Offer was a personal matter—only concerning yourself—but the safety of London is of the gravest National importance to every Englishman and Englishwoman the wide world over and as such the Prime Minister of England ought to consider it.

On the 7th of April—THIS "PRIME" MINISTER ACTUALLY HAD THE COLOSSAL IMPERTINENCE TO TELL YOU—YOU MUST BE AIR MINDED!!!!

Notes of the Week

As Sir Thomas Inskip has boxed the political compass in order to obtain and retain a Ministerial job, we are not such fools as to believe the word of the Attorney-General before that of the Duke of Atholl.

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A Mixed Grill

"The nation did *not* vote for a National Government." These words are written on our cover, and we defy and challenge the Government to prove that they are not true. Out of 615 constituencies, nearly 500 voted Conservative, and it was only by trickery and bilking the nation that these other cuckoos, with the help of Conservative money which Conservatives had given for Conservatism, have found their way into the nest, and we now have the mixed grill that is now called the National Government.

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Vesuvius to a Cracker

"We know of Vesuvius and what happened to Pompeii. But if the fury and horror of modern aircraft are let loose on us, Vesuvius will only be a Christmas cracker to what will happen. The few of us who are left will have lost everything." So stated Colonel Fitzmaurice, the Irish airman. And yet the Government ignored Lady Houston's offer of £200,000 for the Air Defence of London.

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Lotteries and the Duke

The English people *know* that our Dukes and the lesser members of our aristocracy are their friends, and very good friends too—and the mob is with the Duke of Atholl in his ideas about lotteries, for the English people love an innocent gamble, and the Government who wish to prevent it are only spoilsports and hypocrites.

It is the Socialists who pretend that the Duke has done something that is not straight, for the ethics of Socialism, *it must never be forgotten*, are not English but foreign, and Glasgow and Huddersfield should ponder over this fact.

The Duke was naturally annoyed, as were most of us, in seeing good English money being drawn into the pockets of De Valera and others without hindrance. He therefore determined to start a sweepstake of his own confined to England, and he announced at the same time that he would distribute the balance as and when he pleased. In the process of receiving subscriptions the Government, who wanted to make mischief, pretended that he ran his head against the stone wall of the English Betting Laws, which neither they nor anybody else understand, and made this an excuse to hail him before a magistrate and fine

him, and he paid the fine. But that is ancient history now, and quite recently it appears that two officials, sent by the Public Prosecutor, visited his house in Scotland and asked him quite in a friendly way to sign a paper admitting that he had committed an illegal offence. Of course, the Duke refused to do anything of the kind, and he has distributed the surplus funds at his own discretion, **AS HE ALWAYS SAID HE WOULD**. Where is there anything that is not straight in all this? It is needless to say that not a penny of the funds did he pocket himself, and therefore the sooner the Government realise their mistake and alter this ridiculous Lottery Law, as everyone in the country wishes them to do, the better it will be for them—although, I have no doubt, many of them have bought lottery tickets themselves.

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The Virus of Democracy

Democracy! Democracy! Democracy! Meet Lieut.-Col. J. A. Wyllie, who in his book, *India at the Parting of the Ways*, is brutally outspoken in regard to the attitude of a large section of M.P.'s at Westminster on the India question. "They can think of nothing better by way of treatment than democracy and yet more democracy—the virus they themselves share with their patient." Mr. Baldwin on every occasion reveals a pitiful passion for democracy, which he, as many of the Victorians, was brought up on like Free Trade. He offers it as the only alternative to Communism or Fascism. As far back as the sixth century B.C. Darius the Great recognised that democracy was incompatible with the maintenance of an Empire, as Athens discovered. To-day it is as dead as a door-nail in Europe, France herself being restless under it. Anyway, the brand of democracy preached by Mr. Baldwin, which spells ruling by compromise and surrender, is leading more and more thinking people to examine into Sir Oswald Mosley's creed, which is certainly robust.

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That White Paper!

The India Defence League carried the war against the White Paper into the headquarters of the enemy when it recently held a meeting in the Chelsea Town Hall. There was no doubt about its attraction. Many with tickets could not get into the main hall. There were over a thousand seated in adjacent rooms listening with the assistance of a loud speaker, and many more were quite unable to get within earshot of any kind.

The meeting was organised, so it appeared, entirely by Chelsea people. A series of drawing-room meetings organised by a Chelsea committee have led to this encouraging result. And if the Secretary of State for India has been too engrossed with the Committee of Privileges to notice the meeting, both his Agent and his Chairman have

waxed eloquent on the subject in the Press. The latter has even been led by his indignation to promulgate the original theory that Members of the Upper House should not speak in a Constituency without the consent of the Member of Parliament.

Lord Lloyd was in his best form, and started the programme. He was followed by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, who as a result of his enormous practical knowledge was able to produce excellent evidence to support his points. Then came Lord FitzAlan, who made one of his now increasingly rare public appearances, and spoke with a firmness and clarity which made it impossible for anyone to believe that he was 79. The Duke of Westminster also made one of his rare appearances, and took the chair. The meeting was as enthusiastic as any I have seen for a very long time, and when the time came for a resolution against the White Paper it did not seem as though there were twenty of those present against it.

♦♦

A Bitter Tablet

As an admirer of our contemporary *The Tablet* we are sorry to see it getting all hot and bothered because the Pope recently sent his blessing to Lady Houston. It points out with a pen steeped less in the spirit of charity than of gall, that the Holy Pontiff sent his blessing to her because she had made the Everest Flight possible by her aid, and not because of her patriotism. No doubt this is true in the narrow meaning of the term, but why should *The Tablet* seem to regard it as quite opposed to papal principles if the Pope did in fact applaud patriotism to one's country as a virtue? As Mr. Clive Rattigan in his accompanying article pointed out, the Pope from the time when he was a simple priest in Milan up to the present has not hesitated to attack in Encyclicals and other ways the evils of Communist Atheism, and anti-Christ, to whose votaries patriotism, or love of country, are anathema. And this sort of thing Lady Houston is fighting in the columns of this journal of which she is the principal owner.

His Holiness, through whose exertions 150,000 children had been kept alive in the famine area, declared when the papal envoys were compelled to give up their charitable work that the Bolsheviks "preferred to condemn to death thousands of innocent children rather than see them nourished by Christian charity." At that time he bestowed his support and blessing on the Christian Protest Movement, to which Lady Houston contributed £11,000.

♦♦

A Catholic Opinion

The Tablet seizes on this matter which in no way vitiates the Pope's oft-expressed outlook to launch a violent diatribe against the *Saturday Review*, although *The Universe*, the most

influential Catholic weekly, commenting on the same thing, mentions that the blessing was conferred on Lady Houston because of her assistance in the Everest Flight and not as a politician or newspaper-director. "But of course" adds *The Universe*, "that is not to say that the Holy Father would not approve of all right-intentioned opposition to Communism: assuredly he would. Whether he would approve of any particular form of that opposition, does not appear; nor do we know." Nor, probably, does any one else. But why should *The Tablet*, which on its own admission in the same number, is accused week by week of being un-Christian, non-Catholic and "bloodthirsty Jingoism"—we, of course make no such charges—turn so savagely to flagellate Lady Houston because she rightly or wrongly believes that her efforts (and others like hers) find favour in the eyes of His Holiness? Isn't it a little bit Jesuitical?

♦♦

Jesuitical Touch

This offence in the eyes of *The Tablet* thereupon is seized upon to launch a really vitriolic attack upon the *Saturday Review per se*. It sees evidently grave offence because Lady Houston has pilloried the Prime Minister, but if *The Tablet* is sincere in its views in regard, for instance, to the urgency of national defence, can it at the same time support and countenance Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's policy of utter defencelessness? Again, we see a Jesuitical touch. Why, too, does it describe those of us who write or work on the *Saturday Review* as "fawning upon a rich proprietress"? Later it accuses a former editor who had a disagreement with the then proprietor of biting the hand that fed him. Apparently *The Tablet* thinks that a journalist can only jump out of the frying pan of "fawning" into the fire of ingratitude. At any rate, Lady Houston would be the first to see through anybody who tried to fawn on her. We tell Lady Houston what we think and she is equally frank with us. In the last resource, naturally, she imposes her policy in the paper she edits and finances. If that is "fawning" it applies equally to those who work with Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook and Camrose, and surely with *The Tablet*, too. But all of us who write for this journal are conscientiously in absolute agreement with Lady Houston's principles. But then we are not Jesuits: we are only patriots.

♦♦

Our Policy

One other matter before we pass on. *The Tablet* remarks that enormous sums have been wasted on the *Saturday Review* for a good many years, and that more than one editor has drawn a salary grossly disproportionate to his abilities and industry. Possibly this is true, though we to-day are not concerned to admit or deny it. But what we do think is that in the past the *Saturday Review*

was only a costly luxury when it was inclined to be precious and spineless. It was then one of many journals which set its cap to attract the young men from the Universities who started out under the assumption that they knew far better than anybody else and despised all lesser fry. A paper owned by a proprietor whose only aim is to achieve her ideals is to our mind a far finer fount of sincerity than, say, mass-produced journals run solely for profit without a single principle or thought except Mammon. With this we take leave of *The Tablet*.

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Ramsay in Excelsis

On Monday the Prime Minister attended a meeting of the International Institute at Chatham House, and in the congenial company of woolly-headed internationalists and absurd idealists like himself found a fine opportunity for airing his views, and, spurred on by the applause he gets nowadays only from such an audience, he let himself go and succeeded in talking a great deal of unmitigated and pernicious nonsense. He is absolutely out of touch with facts, a most dangerous thing considering the position he holds.

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The "Friendly Inquiry"

Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Foreign Minister, has replied blandly to the inquiry of our Government respecting China, as was to be expected, and Sir John Simon, who found that Mr. Hirota had been "reasonably clear," said that our Government "was content to leave this particular question where it was." Now, where is it, exactly? It may have been observed that the Japanese reply was not an answer to the questions put by our Ambassador at Tokyo, but consisted of general statements, and, further, that there has been no disavowal of the quite specific statements of Japanese Ambassadors and other high personages.

All the same, we are glad that the Government's thirst for information has been satisfied, and that Japan will be let alone. At this time of day we cannot thwart the destiny of Japan, even if we would. And as for China, it should not be forgotten that in 1925, when British concessions were weakly surrendered to the Chinese, our Government, then with Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister and Sir Austen Chamberlain as Foreign Secretary, made what was in effect an act of abdication. We reap as we sow.

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The Grave View

In the case of Germany the friendly inquiry has been replaced by the grave view. Our Continental critics are saying that when John Bull's pockets are touched he wakes up and takes notice, and in the particular instance of the threatened default on

the Dawes and Young Loans there is a sharp, unpleasant edge of truth in this remark. Ever since the War British policy has yielded time after time to German demands, with the inevitable result that Germany had come to think she could do what she likes with us, an idea that has absolutely been confirmed by the wobble-wobble of our present Government. The "grave view" comes much too late. Hitler may temporise, but the upshot is certain—he will not pay. Here, again, we reap as we sow.

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Italy and Arms

In vivid contrast to the everlasting lack of firmness on the part of our Government, and to its supine policy regarding national defence, it was refreshing, if rather mortifying, to read what the King of Italy said on the military preparedness of his country when, last Saturday, he opened the Italian Parliament. The actual words are well worth quoting:—

"We sincerely and ardently desire for Italy and Europe the longest possible period of peace, but the highest guarantee of this peace dwells in the efficiency of our armed forces." Then he went on to speak of the way in which that efficiency was achieved—by unity of *preparation*, command and action. How different all this is from the babble of Mr. Baldwin!

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"Circenses"

The mind of the frivolous English public is not capable of holding more than one or two ideas at a time, and last week it was occupied, to the exclusion of every other subject, foreign and domestic, by the arrival of the Australian cricket team, and by the "Coop" Final, and it is difficult to say which to them is the most important. Forty special trains were run from Lancashire to London, and fifteen from Portsmouth, to bring the players and the backers of this tremendous struggle. I am reminded by a picture of last year's game that this collection of sixty or seventy thousand human beings, some of them pretty rough toughs, is not without its dangers. The spectators climbed over balconies, and burst through barriers on the course. Now, supposing these roughs had not been good-humoured, but for some good reason, political or otherwise, in a bad temper, the danger might have been very serious. You can't collect enormous masses of sight-seers in one stadium without running very great risks of one sort or another. Luckily, the proverbial good humour of the English mob has always prevailed, and prevented any serious accidents. Let us hope it will always continue to do so, but, as these mobs increase every year in volume, it is as well to raise a note of warning in order to keep old ladies and gentlemen from venturing to these popular festivals.

LADY HOUSTON

Answers one of the

"Deaf, Dumb, Blind and Paralytics"

IN a very good letter to the *Saturday Review* "Molly Roche" says—
"As one of the 'Deaf, Dumb, Blind and Paralytics,' a representative of the average man and woman of the day, I should be much obliged if you would kindly explain in exactly what WAY it is in my power to alter the present appalling defencelessness of London."

"It is not pleasant to be rated in your columns as if this state of things were due to our own criminal negligence. At the last General Election, as you know very well, we had no alternative between "Flamsey Macdonald" and immediate Bolshevism. We HAD to put in his party, though we LOATHED it. It is not our fault, and I fail to see why we should be scolded for what we are utterly powerless to prevent."

This is a question I gladly answer because I quite see the difficulty it presents to those who did not, at the time of the General Election, thoroughly realise that there was not the very least reason why any Ministers but Conservative Ministers should be included in the Conservative Government which the country, with overwhelming numbers, voted for. But this arrangement did not suit Ramsay MacDonald and so, just before the Election, he persuaded Stanley Baldwin that unless a Socialist was made Prime Minister there might be a Revolution.

How Mr. Baldwin could have swallowed this absurd suggestion is more than any sane person can understand, but it was through this cowardice on his part, going entirely against the mandate of the nation, that a Socialist Prime Minister was trickily foisted upon us.

For all those interested (which should be every Londoner) the right and proper thing to do—if they resent the deadly peril London is exposed to—is for all of them to write to their Member of Parliament and say that, as they voted for a Conservative Government, they object and decline any longer to be cheated by a Socialist Prime Minister, and they refuse to be forced to continue in this deadly peril and to be humbugged by the iniquitous Peace Conferences, which are an insult to their intelligence.

In season and out of season, as bluntly and impolitely as possible, it is open for every Patriot to reiterate this truth—the Lord Mayor of London should be reminded of the peril of his City. For the safety of the capital of the Empire is his civic responsibility, and neither time nor custom can free him from that charge. And he should call upon the Prime Minister to explain why the Government ignored my offer of £200,000 for the Air Defence of London. And if London is determined to receive an answer to this question they have the right to demand it.

L.H.

Internationalism

By A.A.B.

INTERNATIONALISM was once a very good principle. It was an excellent theory for economists to write about and for politicians to speak about in the days of good Queen Victoria, when it meant exactly the reverse of what it does now. Internationalism was an excellent policy in the years 1840 to 1860, when England held a dominant superiority, practically a monopoly. In those glorious days England, in her desire to grow rich quickly, lent her money at a high rate of interest, and her technicians went to foreign countries to teach them to copy British methods of manufacture.

During this period Lord Ashley made a noble stand for the underdog and, with the support of Disraeli and other Tories, he succeeded in passing the Ten Hours Bill, which limited the working day to ten hours. These were the days which enabled England to accumulate much of the wealth with which she was able to fight the last great war.

"But the old order changes, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

This insensate greed for money and for growing rich by any means has brought its own punishment. The fortunes which have been made by manufacturers and the northern aristocracy are now being rapidly melted under the sun of Democracy, and we certainly should not be able to fight another war like the last. The death duties have seen to that.

Changing the Market

But, what is far worse and a more serious danger, is that the other nations of the world have learnt, by the aid of our money which we have lent to them and with the assistance of our scientific men whom they have borrowed, to make for themselves the goods which they formerly bought in the market of Great Britain. This change in the whole surface of the world, coupled with a depreciated currency has made one market, with one market price for production and sale, and the competition to-day is not, as formerly, between British manufacturers, but between England and the other countries of the world.

It speaks volumes for the shrewdness of Sir Oswald Mosley that he is devoting his energies and his regiments of Black Shirts to educating our urban population to this familiar and oftentold tale of the change in world markets. Sir Oswald has followed up his splendid meeting in the Albert Hall by large meetings in Hull and Leeds, in which he does not disdain to repeat the thrice-told tale of the inevitable conversion of Internationalist Free Trade into Protectionist Nationalism. Why should the other nations pay us for the goods they can manufacture for themselves? Why do we, in the present mad world,

suffer mass production of too many goods and too few mouths to consume them?

The causes which have led to this revolution in England may be summarised as: (1) Our folly in teaching and helping the foreigner to make the goods which we made; (2) in a depreciation of the currency; (3) for our sentimental idiocy in allowing the Indians to levy an import duty on cotton goods made in Manchester. This really was the beginning of the downfall of Lancashire; for the clever Hindus borrowed money from Persian and Bombay financiers, and then proceeded to clap duties of Excise upon British longcloths.

We ought never to have allowed India to put on duties against British goods, and this was brought about in 1893 by the rhetoric of the late Lord Wolverhampton, who declared in the House, almost weeping with emotion, that every member of Parliament was a member for India. To this tawdry flash of claptrap we gave away the greatest of the English Northern industries.

Japan Steps Forward

The whole world is now nationalist, as formerly it was internationalist. This has been the motive force which has caused that squalid incident in our history, namely, Free State Ireland, and is now the cause of that vast revolution in the Eastern world, which may be summed up in the relations between China and Japan. The Japanese are nationalists, that is, they believe in Japan, and the power and policy of Japan, which they wish to take the place once occupied by England in the East, that kind of Mother-protector for more backward nations like China.

We have, of course, surrendered our empire in the East, as Mrs. Neta Webster has reminded us. And we have surrendered it in other parts of the world. We seem to forget that England was the first Power that opened up China to the West.

After the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1912 our British Government allowed a sensible decline and loss of prestige to take place in the Celestial Empire. They actually allowed, when Sir Austen Chamberlain was Colonial Secretary, a wedge of Bolshevism to be inserted in Canton, and very nearly lost the whole of that province to the Russians. And what is it that the Japanese now demand? They have practically proclaimed the whole of China as a kind of Protectorate or sphere of influence of Japan, and for the sake of good order and civilisation and trade we ought, I think, to welcome this step on the part of Japan, even although the Japanese are the keenest competitors of the British merchant in China.

We cannot hope to compete in manufacture with the Japanese, who pay low wages, and whose standard of living is so much below that of the British artisan. We had better, therefore, accept the inevitable, and appear on the scene as the ally rather than as the enemy of the only real civilising force in the East.

Pools of "National" Fraud

By KIM

STRANGE subterranean rumblings and reverberations are taking place among the leaders of the "National" Government, which show quite clearly an acute state of uneasiness. A few weeks ago Lord Stonehaven attempted to introduce the old humbugging manoeuvre whereby "National Liberal" and "National Labour" seats are to be earmarked at the next General Election in constituencies which are represented now by Conservatives, but this time they are wiser, and their holders definitely object to hand over their constituencies to "National Liberals" or "National Labours," who would certainly not hold them. For looking facts in the face, if the Liberal Party is dead the sham of a "National" Liberal stinks in the nostrils of all men, and the word "National" in conjunction with "Labour" is, of course, a contradiction in terms.

In other words no Liberal or Labour man would stand the least chance of winning a single seat because he used the prefix "National" unless he could persuade Conservatives to vote for him. Well, the rank and file so obliged at the last General Election, but since then their eyes have been opened, and the one certain fact in the political field to-day is that Conservatives do not propose to be made catspaws of a second time for the benefit of the tiny and unwanted remnants who follow Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Sir John Simon. North Hammersmith, following on Fulham nearby, shows very definitely that in essential middle-class working neighbourhoods they have no use at all for an emasculated and sham Toryism, and there is no reason to suppose these constituencies are different from hundreds of others.

Scaremongering

But politicians like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin learn nothing. There are now new reverberations which are shaping into a definite campaign to scare or persuade Tories to "pool" their ideas for the common good. A mysterious letter signed "National Labour" appeared in a newspaper on April 27, many thought penned by the Prime Minister himself, and undoubtedly fully representative of his views. It was an effort to make our flesh creep. "A return to party Government," said the writer, "must mean weak government working up to another crisis at least as bad as in August 1931." He shuddered at the thought of the alternatives to a "National" Government, either extreme Socialism, or, even worse, evidently in his view, Fascism. It was a view misbegotten of Fear and Cowardice and is named PANIC.

Sir Thomas Inskip, who as a Conservative has always been a limpet, was telling an audience the other night that it would be unwise to ask electors at the next General Election to support the Conservative Party. The Attorney General in fact

urged that Conservative views and politics should be thrown overboard, especially "the shibboleths of the old Conservative Party." This lawyer's idea apparently is to call the Conservatives "National" candidates, and to advocate a policy of scuttle in India, rebuffs to the Empire, trade pacts with foreign countries, and a sort of sham Protection based on quotas.

A robust and genuine pro-British policy is a "Shibboleth"!

The Pool and the Poll

Curiously enough while Sir Thomas Inskip was "pooling his ideas," at about the same time North Hammersmith was sending in Mr. F. R. West, a Socialist, who turned the former Conservative majority of 6,977 into a Socialist majority of 3,516. The Conservatives vote fell by over 8,000 described as due to "apathy," although the so-called "National Conservative" preached all the precious nostrums of 1934 "Nationalism" and had the priceless benefit of help from Sir Thomas Inskip and all the "National" leaders. The result showed what the electors thought of this brand of policy and "ideas."

Then we have Mr. Stanley Baldwin. He has contributed an article in a journal with a mainly yellow cover (though it has some red too) called "Liberal National View." Here then is the Conservative leader writing for a Liberal organ of sorts and praising the "National" Government, and where he proclaims the Budget as "the hallmark of success" of its work. Having lauded the work of this Government in no uncertain phrase and with no foolish sense of false modesty, he pleads for a "National" Party with its "pooling of ideas," and its support drawn from all classes and all parties and its "enhanced prestige." Ye Gods! It is able (sez he) to act with a degree of authority which no single party could hope to acquire. Then he plays on our fears by saying we are threatened with a Dictatorship of the Left or an autocracy of the Right, unless we all agree to maintain the "National" Government! Others like Sir John Gilmour and Lord Melchett have been following along the same trail to the same reeking "pool."

The astonishing thing about this "pooling of ideas" policy is the evident blindness or stupidity of the men responsible for it. It is so blind and crude that one might almost feel that these men are acting as *agents provocateurs* for the extreme Socialists. Not once does it seem to occur to them that the fears of a "National" débâcle in a General Election exist precisely because "National" is the very thing this Government are not. They were returned with the greatest majority a Government has ever enjoyed as a Conservative Government. Not once does it occur to Mr. Baldwin that the results at Portsmouth and Basingstoke with a real Conservative policy

were grand and responsive and that where the "National" sham policy of the MacDonald-Baldwin partnership is paraded there is collapse and defeat. Not once has it evidently penetrated his mind that his policy has disgusted and alienated CONSERVATIVES and on the other hand has won no adherents at all from other Parties. On the grounds of our national defences, INFINITELY MORE URGENT AND PRESSING THAN ANYTHING ELSE, Mr. Baldwin's neglect and indifference and actual DECEIT have done more than all else to render him odious to the great body of genuine Conservatives; and have undermined the prestige of the Crown.

If he, Mr. MacDonald, Sir Thomas Inskip, Lord Melchett and the rest of them go on with their idea of killing Conservatism and supplanting it with a bastard "Nationalism," they will be annihilated at the polls as they richly deserve to be. "What can we say of the National Government? Only that it is a sham, a fraud, a humbug, and a make-believe." Lady Houston, who is directing this journal for the sole purpose of leading the public in the direction of greatness, of safety, and of prosperity, and for no other reason, wrote these words over two years ago. She also said, "What the 'National' Government most certainly is NOT is—National. From Land's End to John o'Groats the Nation wanted Conservative measures—which they have never had from this Government!" "The word National," said

Lady Houston, "was a senseless and meaningless name, given to a Conservative Government by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in order to humbug the people and make it possible for him to drag in outsiders like Sir John Simon and Sir Herbert Samuel." That was said two years ago and it is proved to be true to-day.

The fact is that if the people thought to buy in 1931 a strong pro-British Government, which would make the name of Britain respected and powerful in the world, and be a real agent for peace and prosperity, they got something very different. If they did not get the extravagant and dangerous Socialism of the former Ramsay MacDonald Government, with which he brought the Labour Party to ruin, they found they were getting a camouflaged, more insidious, and more dangerous edition of it. Mr. Baldwin had no need and no right to sell the Conservatives to the watered ideas of MacDonaldism-cum-Runciman. He has undermined the historic Tory Party by a fraudulent leadership. He is a real danger. If the country is not to experience a regime of Crippism the remedy is not to attempt to give the public the pill entitled "National" to cure the coming earthquake but for real Conservatives to rise in revolt against Mr. Baldwin and his satellites like Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Thomas Inskip and other sham Tories, and throw them into oblivion, or make them a present to the Labour Party.

The Disarmament Illusion

By R. M. Ward

IF the Police Force of this country was disbanded should we then have adequate protection from crime? Rather a stupid question. Equally stupid is the belief that disarmament will give World Peace.

The Prime Minister deludes himself that disarmament would give us an "Arcadian World." Unfortunately, it would bring the opposite, in all probability a sort of "Dante's Inferno." If all nations are disarmed they will naturally become suspicious of one another. This suspicion will breed hate and jealousy and very soon we shall all commence arming in open defiance of one another.

The Government of this country has certain duties to the people who elected it. One of these is to provide adequate protection against possible attack by a hostile power. While time is wasted on talks and negotiations on disarmament, other nations are strengthening and improving their armaments. Not only is our danger to hostile attack *growing bigger every day* while the Government fails to fulfil its duty of protection, but they are also *wasting money* in this futile cause.

Diplomacy is a useful asset to a statesman. However brilliant a diplomat he may be, without an armed backing he cannot possibly have much

sway. Also it is certainly not good policy to meddle with other nation's affairs.

It is no use basing hopes of Peace on Treaties. As proved in the past, scraps of paper are not binding: they are far too easily torn up. Continued thrusting of this "Peace at any price" down Europe's throat is making England the laughing stock of the world.

Our Empire occupies practically one-fifth of the habitable earth. These possessions, while able to protect themselves to a certain extent if necessary, would naturally look to the Mother Country for help if in a critical situation. Are we to let them down?

In the past our Naval strength of second to none has always been a glorious tradition. Let us strive not only to keep this tradition, but to create a new one, an air strength second to none.

Lord Cecil, speaking at Brussels *on behalf of disarmament*, said: "It is the people's lives and limbs, not the Government's." He also said: "The people's minds think ahead of their governments." Does the Prime Minister realise this first fact? Regarding the second, England should be pleased that somebody is capable of visualising the future. Armaments *are* a burden, but a necessary burden, and far better a burden than *disaster*.

Portent of the Blackshirts

[By the Saturday Reviewer]

WE are arrived at a time when even our Mandarins can hardly avoid the consideration of Fascism in England. It began ten years or more ago under the lead of a lady. What progress Miss Linton-Orman's Fascists have made we do not know; but more recently a picturesque rival has come into the field, to be taken up with great enthusiasm by Lord Rothermere and his powerful combination of newspapers.

Mosley's political record, it must be confessed, is not exactly promising; but our young men are nevertheless flocking to his standard, and our Mandarins, self-complacent as they are apt to be, may well have shivered a little at the recent portent of a black shirt flying over the Albert Hall. Hitherto some of them have threatened and some have ignored the movement; the general attitude of the politicians will remind those who can remember pre-war times of the way in which Mr. Asquith treated the Ulster Volunteers between 1912 and 1914 or the way in which John Redmond treated Sinn Féin.

Such movements grow outside the system of government by consent; they are regarded by its high-priests as heretical, rowdy and inconvenient. There is a tendency to ignore them altogether, or, when that will no longer do, to sit upon them. But silence is impossible to your democratic politician and suppression is illogical. For Democracy is freedom, and free debate, if it is anything.

The exponents of popular government must be popular: if they are not popular, they are nothing; if they are popular, they can appeal to the suffrages of the electorate against Fascism and defeat it. For Democracy to suppress Fascism by force, or to attempt it, would be a confession of failure.

A Contradiction

Mr. Stanley Baldwin based his case against Sir Oswald Mosley on our free institutions. He proposes to defend the Troy of Democracy under the palladium of Liberty, which is a very respectable cause—as long as it is not discredited by its votaries. But to acclaim freedom, while suppressing Fascism, would be a contradiction in terms—like making war to end war.

De Valera, in the Irish Free State, at the head of his Automocracy, threatens the Blue Shirts in the name of popular freedom; but we expect that sort of thing from Ireland. In England we expect Democracy to justify itself, not by force but by an appeal to reason.

There lies the difficulty of our National Government. Its Prime Minister, although the head of a popular system, is not popular. It is notorious that he cannot get a hearing on any free platform in the country or in the town. Conservatives distrust him because of his past; Socialists dislike him because of his present. He has no hold or

root anywhere: he is maintained, like a false god, merely because he is convenient to a political machine. He makes the principle of popular government unpopular because he is its head.

As for Mr. Stanley Baldwin, his position is better, but not radically different: he is supported by half his party, with the other half in a state of chronic revolt. He can obtain a majority vote by the use of official pressure; but the stoutest part of his own people are against him. He never knows when he may be tripped up by a follower. He has cultivated the old women, and he has lost the young men; he has preached Disarmament and neglected Army, Navy and Air Force.

The Handicap

In his genuflections to Geneva he has exposed the most prominent part of his person to the strokes of an enraged patriotism. He is willing to surrender India and has thereby lost the better half of England. In these circumstances, the cause of popular government is under a rather heavy handicap.

We do not know if we altogether trust Sir Oswald Mosley on his record, but there is no doubt of one thing: he has intelligence. He perceives that he is on a good wicket, and he is not afraid of body-line bowling.

In particular he has got at the truth about India and makes his appeal to Lancashire, the stronghold of English Conservatism. As thus, for example:

India is to be handed over to a few great interests, a few great capitalists, Indian and British, and to international finance, handed over so that the masses of India may be taken from the land where their forefathers have lived for generations and centuries, and herded into the factories in the great towns for one reason, one reason alone—that they may undercut the Lancashire cotton markets throughout the world.

Without going into the higher finance of this passage, there is the obvious truth that Lancashire is being ruined by the surrender to a Separatist and High Protectionist Party in India, which happens also to be the Party of Congress and of the enemies of the British Empire.

To reassert the right of Lancashire to equal terms with India in the Indian and Burma markets is a policy which, by itself, might give Fascism victory in the North of England. In such an appeal, Sir Oswald Mosley shows his shrewdness.

Fascism, then, in England is a movement of revolt from an unpopular man and an unpopular policy. The wholesome and manly reaction of the young Conservatives from official Conservatism is sweeping our youth into this form of protest. It is a dangerous and disastrous defection.

If this defection is to be checked, official policy and leadership will have to be changed—and that soon. Persistence in MacDonaldism will leave Conservatism without a future and without a hope.

FEATURING FASCISM

By HAMADRYAD

A bounding Blackshirt in a buckled belt,
My mien's ferocious but my form is svelt;
The ladies blow me kisses as I go,
But do the statesmen love me? Oh, dear, no!
Observe yon Gilmour's disapproving glance;
He would suppress us if he had a chance,
For well he knows that when our time arrives
There'll be no traffic in Conservatives.
But all agree 'twould be ridiculous
To have some pawky Scot suppressing us,
Because, in self-defence, we crack the heads
Of East End toughs and razor-throwing Reds
To Socialists (misrepresenting toil)
The sight of us is worse than castor oil;
Class warfare is the stuff on which they feed,
And will, till we exterminate the breed.
As for their friends, the Slippery Samuelites,
Not even Fancy in its wildest flights
Deems that, when power is in the Fascist fist,
Liberals will be permitted to exist.
As for the Reds—but why revert to them,
Whose sly sedition-mongering all condemn?
Enough that when the Blackshirts come to power,
There'll be no rat-holes where those Reds can cower.
Meanwhile, if they attempt to crab our shows,
Though violence is a thing that we oppose,
We have one sovereign remedy, and that's
A well-trained fist to smite them in the slats.

* * *

Our programme? In the first place, then, we shall
Do nothing that's unconstitutional,
But in due course persuade the electorate
To give us leave to found the corporate State,
Wherein the expert and the man of action
Will oust the babbling tongues of party faction,
And paid M.P.'s, who now do nought but cackle,
Will have administrative jobs to tackle.
Our policy? 'Tis simply "Britain first,
The Empire second." We shall not be cursed
With the dumped goods of foreigners who yearn
To sell us theirs but take none in return.
We shall not let the economic dance
Be led by international finance,
But seek an Empire self-contained or near
(For further details see Lord Beavermere).
What more? The Fascist State will be possessed
Of air defences equal to the best,
Shun Leagues and Pacts and keep on good relations,
By honest dealing, with the neighbouring nations.
Contrariwise, Hibernians and Hindus
Will find they cannot flout us as they choose,
And Moscow will be told to expect no trade
Until the debts they welched on have been paid.
Thus, then, will Britain blossom, when the inert,
Self-conscious Saxon dons a Fascist shirt,
And, with an energy that nought can stem,
Shouts "Up, the Blackshirts! Up, Sir Oswald M.!"

Two Bribes to India

By HAMISH BLAIR

(The Man on the Spot)

I HAVE recently been taken to task by a friend at home for throwing doubt upon the *bona fides* of the National Government. In fact, he charges me with accusing it of being dishonest! Well, well! If that is too harsh a word, let us say it is disingenuous. To give it a certificate of character is asking a little too much from anyone who has the privilege of scrutinising its Indian policy at close quarters.

Within the past few days we have seen it offer two bribes to two different parties in India in order to win them over to its policy of surrender.

The first is the bribe to Mysore.

"Political circles in Delhi seem to be confident," says an inspired message from Delhi to the *Madras Mail*, "that the Government of India will agree to retrocede the major portion of the Bangalore assigned tract, keeping only the area required for the Army stationed in Bangalore." There is nothing new in all this, of course. It has been known for months that the town and suburbs of Bangalore, in which thousands of English and Anglo-Indians have settled *because* they were a British *enclave*, were to be handed back to the native State of Mysore. And only a few days ago Sir Mirza Ismail, the Dewan of Mysore, received a deputation from these same settlers, and assured them that the retrocession would not affect them prejudicially.

A Price and A Bargain

The instant and universal interpretation placed upon this deal was that retrocession was to be the price of Mysore's adhesion to the Federation scheme. The ruler of Mysore has agitated for decades for the return of this prosperous city to his jurisdiction, but up to last year the demand had been steadily refused. What new set of circumstances has arisen to justify this sudden change of front? Not one that meets the eye, except the necessity of procuring the support of an important State like Mysore for the Federation proposals.

It looks as though the same game were being played with Hyderabad.

The second bribe to which I refer above is the subvention, amounting to £1,500,000, which has recently been granted to this country by the British Government in recognition of India's contribution to the armed forces of the Empire. Mr. Churchill's suggestion that this *douceur* is intended to conciliate Indian opinion was apparently resented by Sir Samuel Hoare when the question was before the House of Commons. But Mr. Churchill's view is borne out by an interesting, not to say significant speech delivered by Sir Philip Chetwode, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, when the same question was debated in the Delhi Council of State.

The Commander-in-Chief explained that the subsidy represented a payment for services ren-

dered by India. "We ourselves found difficulty in putting a cash value on those services," he said. And he added: "We (India) have got two crores of rupees (per annum). *In not a single case during the seven times that the Indian Army was used for external purposes was the cost anything like two crores.*"

Misplaced Generosity

So that India is now being heavily overpaid for the services she has admittedly rendered. Why?

Sir Philip Chetwode let another cat out of the bag in the course of the same ingenuous utterance. He showed that under present conditions it is practically impossible for India to give any further help to the Imperial forces outside India. The reason of this is that the internal situation is so acute that the Indian Army cannot be spared out of the country.

"During the last five years," Sir Philip Chetwode explained, "trouble came from the Afridis, Red Shirts and Burmese rebels, besides serious riots at Cawnpore and Bombay, trouble in two Indian States and the Mohmand rebellion of last year. *Now two war brigades have been sent to Bengal against Terrorists there.* Was there anyone who would tell him that it was impossible for these emergencies to have arisen at one time? *Even as it was, he was hard put to on several occasions to decide as to where to send troops.*"

From which it is fairly obvious that the Indian Army can no longer be summoned for the general defence of the Empire. Yet this is the moment selected by the National Government to hand a bonus to India in respect of services which it is impossible for her to render. If that is not a bribe, what is?

The comic part of it is that the gift horse is being looked at most superciliously by the politicians whose favour it was intended to placate.

Said Lala Ramsaran Das in the Council of State, "The amount of one and three-quarter crores conceded by Britain is very small." Mr. Hossain Imam said the Garran tribunal had not performed its duties properly. Sir Akhbar Khan patted the Government of India on the back for securing two crores, but had not a word in acknowledgment of the concession itself. It was the same in the Assembly, or rather a little more so. No one had a good word for the people and the Government who are, after all, taxing themselves to lighten India's burden. "We've forced them to give it us"—that is the inference that has instantly been drawn. And its corollary, "Now for a little more tail-twisting," is no less simple.

For a British Government to set out to bribe Indian politicians is for an amateur to pit himself against a team of highly trained professionals. It is as futile as the proverbial attempt to instruct one's grandmother how to suck eggs.

India, March 31, 1934.

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SIR HERBERT BARKER, the world-famous Specialist in Manipulative Surgery, is another of the distinguished advocates of scientific mental training.

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SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment continues the chapter devoted to "The Surrender to Zionism."

FOR whilst the Egyptian fellahin had no grudge against British administration, but on the contrary had greatly profited by it, the Palestinian fellahin had a very real cause for complaint against the British-Zionist Government, which permitted the excessive immigration of Jews and the continued acquisition of land by Zionist bodies. Many of these immigrants were workers who deprived the Arab fellah of his livelihood and were a burden on the country as a whole. Moreover, by the acquisition of large tracts of land and the eviction of Arab cultivators and farmers, about 30 per cent. of this class were rendered landless. Some of these lands were acquired from desperate fellahin who had fallen into the clutches of money-lenders asking an interest of 60 per cent.; for the Agricultural Bank, which had helped them before the War, had been liquidated and no substitute was provided.

Then, again, large commercial enterprises passed into the hands of Zionists, such as the Rutenberg Concession, whereby Pinhas Rutenberg, a Zionist Russian Jew, was given the right to harness the waters of the Jordan and the Oudja rivers, and to acquire the monopoly of electric current drawn from these. Later, in 1929, the Dead Sea Concession, with its vast stores of mineral wealth, was given to another Russian Jew, Moise Novomeisky.

Stirring Up Trouble

It was easy, therefore, for the emissaries of Russia and Germany to represent Great Britain to the Arabs as the author of all their troubles. The Communists everywhere have consistently supported the Arab claim to independence, supporting their contention with really incontrovertible arguments. Even Jewish Communists have ranged themselves on the side of the Arabs against their compatriots the Zionists.

In a declaration from the Jewish workers to the seventh Arabian Congress in September 1928 it was stated:

We, the Jewish workers of Palestine, renounce officially our connection with Zionism and declare our whole-hearted agreement with the oppressed Arabian peoples. We realise that Zionism is only a toy and a weapon in the hands of British Imperialism. Palestine is the land of the Arabs and belongs to the Arab people who have worked it with their sweat and blood for hundreds of years. The home of the Jew is where he has been born. . . .¹

The Communists thus appearing to be their only friends, a few Arabs allowed themselves to be drawn into the Communist organisation, the "League against Imperialism," and the "National

Arabian Congress" of Palestine was represented at the first Congress of the League in Brussels in February 1927. At the meeting of the League at Frankfurt-am-Main in July 1929, Yussuff, the President of the Egyptian National Radical Party, in an examination of the Arab question, showed that "Arab countries groan under the yoke of English, French, Italian and Spanish Imperialism. The possible replacement in the post of Egyptian High Commissioner would change nothing in the situation. It was necessary without delay to send the English troops out of Egypt and create a Federation of Independent Arab States."

Under Moscow's Thumb

Thus by playing on national sentiment, as they had done in India and China, the enemies of Great Britain were able to enlist the co-operation of Arabs, who little realised that the Federation of Arab States they dreamed of would be the Federation planned by Moscow under the control of the Third International. The Bolsheviks were able also to impregnate a certain number of the poorer population of Palestine with their ideas on the necessity for an armed uprising against "British Imperialism" as the ally of their Zionist oppressors.

It would be beyond the scope of this book to enter into details on the long story of Arab grievances which led up to the sanguinary riots of August 1929. The Arabs were afterwards declared to have been the aggressors, but few people have been informed of the provocations they had long endured.

The reception given by Zionists to the Shaw Report,² the Hope Simpson Report³ and the two White Papers issued by the Labour Government on their policy in Palestine,⁴ afforded the British public some insight into the nature of the forces by which the Arabs were confronted. These exhaustive surveys of the situation, whilst strongly sympathetic to "Zionist aspirations" throughout and paying every possible tribute to Jewish agricultural enterprise, contained, however, striking disclosures on the plight to which the Arabs had been reduced under the Zionists' regime.

² Report of the Commission on the Palestine Disturbances of August 1929. Cmd. 3530. March 1930.

³ Palestine, Report on Immigration, Land Settlement and Development, by Sir John Hope Simpson, C.I.E. Cmd. 3686. October 1930.

⁴ Palestine, Statement with regard to British Policy. Cmd. 3592. May 1930.

Statement of Policy by His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom. Cmd. 3692. October 1930.

¹ Published in the South African Worker, September 19, 1928.

SERIAL

For example, in the Hope Simpson Report it is stated:

Actually the result of the purchase of land in Palestine by the Jewish National Fund has been that land has been extra-territorialised. It ceases to be land from which the Arab can gain an advantage either now or at any time in the future. Not only can he never hope to lease or to cultivate it, but, by the stringent provisions of the lease of the Jewish National Fund, he is deprived for ever from employment on that land. . . . The principle of the persistent and deliberate boycott of Arab labour in the Zionist colonies is not only contrary to the provisions of Article 6 of the Mandate, but it is in addition a constant and increasing source of danger to the country.

The declaration of the British Government's policy based on these Reports contained but the barest elements of justice to the Arabs. In the first White Paper, of May 1930, the principle was

laid down that "immigration should not exceed the economic capacity of the country at the time to absorb new arrivals," and a temporary suspension of immigration was said to be under examination. Again, legislation was to be introduced "with the object of controlling the disposition of agricultural lands in such a manner as to prevent the dispossession of the indigenous agricultural population."

In the second White Paper, of October 1930, these points were enlarged on.

With regard to immigration it was definitely stated that "at the present time and with present methods of Arab cultivation there remains no margin of land available for agricultural settlement by new immigrants, with the exception of such undeveloped land as the various Jewish agencies hold in reserve."

Eve in Paris

WITH the death of Madame Ephrussi, née Rothschild, in her palatial house, Avenue Foch, a figure familiar in Parisian society passes away. Once of remarkable beauty, slim, white-haired, dressed in gay colours which elderly Frenchwomen avoid, she was conspicuous at race meetings and casinos. Very wealthy, her private gifts to charity were considerable, but in small matters she resorted to litigation for trifling sums, disputing accounts of servants, tradespeople and hairdressers, changing her legal advisers constantly and being well known in the law courts. She possessed, besides her Paris home, a villa at Beaulieu, and the historic Château de Reux, once inhabited by "la Grande Mademoiselle," with wonderful gardens laid out by Le Nôtre.

Two or three times in a century the Basilica at Argenteuil displays to public gaze its treasure, guarded for eleven hundred years. It is the Seamless Robe of Christ.

His Mother, tradition declares, preserved the Holy Garments. Search was made, and a Seamless Robe discovered, which the Empress Helena donated to Trèves. Later, another Sacred Vesture, found at Galata, was bestowed by the Empress Irene on Charlemagne. She desired to marry him, thus uniting the Western Empire to the Eastern, of which she was Regent, having blinded her son to retain authority. Charlemagne declined the honour, and presented the relic to the Abbess of Argenteuil.

For safety, during the Terror, the Robe was cut up and buried. It is stained and dilapidated, but experts declare it resembles existing Coptic Work of the First Century, and belongs to that period.

Argenteuil, on a silvery bend of the Seine (hence its name), is now crowded with pilgrims from far and near, a large English contingent being the first to arrive.

No love is lost in Parisian apartment houses

between tenants and concierge. That functionary embitters life: forgets to deliver parcels, is rude to visitors, gossips instead of cleaning, complains of innocent dogs. She feeds on rabbit and onions, whose nauseous odours pervade the stateliest staircases. Her curiosity is insatiable.

Noticing that his letters were being opened, a tenant recently laid a trap for his Concierge, and, descending to her lair after the postman's arrival, found her in a paroxysm of sneezing. A large envelope, open, addressed to himself, lay at her feet. It had contained pepper. He is now bringing an action against the concierge for tampering with his correspondence. All wish him success.

Right-minded persons learned, with indignant surprise, that Trotsky, his wife and German household had been living for months conveniently near Paris, in a secluded abode. With a special passport, he remained undisturbed and, protected by French police, believed himself safe from the dreaded vengeance of the White Russians.

Few realise his activities during that period. He edited the *Bulletin de l'Opposition*, advocate of International Revolution, and wrote for *Vérité*, declaring that the workers were in peril and urging them in headlines to "Prepare for the General Strike." Councils were held, and Communist leaders met frequently at his Barbizon Villa. In the tragic events of last February they saw their opportunity. Pillage and incendiarism occurred in various districts. At Communist headquarters, says the well-informed *Figaro*, petrol was obtained to spread the flames, and when, in Place de la République, rioters attacked police and soldiery, their weapons (which included razors) came, largely, from the Communist League.

Socialist papers now make a martyr of the former head of the Red Army, who requited France's hospitality by plotting against her peace, and women lay tributes of Spring flowers at his gate.

Correspondence

Cheaper Air Mails

(From Admiral Mark Kerr)

SIR,—I heartily endorse the plea put forward by Lord Elibank in your last issue for cheaper air mail rates for the Empire.

Civil aviation is ripe for the introduction of wise reform. In the comparatively few years of its existence it has expanded beyond recognition; it has been the object of the concentrated attention of some of the most clever and courageous people of our time, and it is now capable of expanding much further under congenial conditions.

The Government attitude has been consistently sympathetic, but the present high and variable cost of mails by Air is the chief deterrent to the advance of Civil Aviation towards further development.

Trade prosperity depends on the triple alliance of (1) manufacturers, (2) advertising, (3) quick business communications.

It would pay us commercially to run the Air mails at only 1d. a letter more than the ordinary mail to all parts of the world. This could be done with a small Post Office subsidy, and would result in a great profit in commercial matters for the country. I hope that, following the wonderful Budget, which Mr. Chamberlain should have the greatest credit for, the Postmaster-General, remembering the huge surplus that the Post Office had last year, will make the great advance suggested above with regard to Air mails, and thus give business people of the Empire an advantage over all those of other countries.

MARK KERR.

19, Draycott Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.3.

Death Duties' Burden

SIR,—It is extremely disappointing that the Chancellor did not see fit to deal with the remission of a part of the onerous and damaging Death Duties in this year's Budget.

Britain's greatest bulwark against Bolshevism is the relation of landlord to tenant.

Yet when a landowner dies, his estates, which have been in the family perhaps for generations, have to be sold. His tenants and servants lose a good master, and the latter are thrown on the labour market. Added to this the estate is cut up and built over or left derelict, and the countryside is permanently ruined. Could there possibly be a more pernicious train of events? Each year the burden should be eased. Pressure should perhaps be brought on the Government.

R. V. STEELE.

Penrhyn Lodge, Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

Country House Fires

SIR,—In your issue of April 14 a contributor states that the fire at Captain Tremayne's house near Truro was "simply due, as in so many other cases, to old country houses being fitted with electric light." I should be glad to learn upon what grounds this definite statement is made. So far as our information goes there was no evidence whatever to implicate electricity.

His further remark that "about twenty years ago the electric light companies were extremely ignorant and careless in the matter of electric fittings" is one which I am tempted to describe as both ignorant and careless. Electric light was introduced fifty years ago and long before the period mentioned by your contributor electrical installation practice had reached a high standard, expressed in wiring regulations which every firm of repute followed as a matter of course. Occasionally, of course, shoddy work was done by firms of another type at cut prices, but while cheap materials and scamped workmanship almost inevitably led to interruptions and the need for early renewal of cables, they were far more rarely the cause of fires than is generally supposed.

We have, in fact, to thank the newspaper reporter for the impression that electricity is a frequent, instead of an exceptional, cause of fire.

Electricity not only affords a means of lighting and

heating country houses with the minimum of fire risk; it provides, through the electric pump, an immediate and effective means of dealing with fires. This is an important point to which I invite your contributor's attention.

ALEX C. CRAMB.

(Director and Secretary, Electrical Development Association.)

2, Savoy Hill, W.C.2.

Stalin and the Jesuits

SIR,—In your "Notes of the Week" for April 21st you quoted from Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's "Winter in Russia" the statement that Stalin was a "product of a Jesuit seminary." The Society of Jesus cannot be saddled with any responsibility for Stalin's education. It was definitely expelled from Imperial Russia in 1820, and as the seminary of which Stalin was "a product" was (on the authority of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) a Russian one, Mr. Muggeridge has been misinformed. In order that your readers may not be equally misinformed, I shall be glad if you can find space for this disclaimer.

W. RYAN, S.J.

(Hon. Sec., The Bellarmine Society.)

Heythrop College, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

Purveyors of Truth

SIR,—The *Saturday Review* is not the only paper that dares to tell the truth. *The Patriot* has for some ten or twelve years dared to do so, and has carried on the good work in spite of the loss of its principal supporter, relying on voluntary contributions to its fund.

The *Saturday Review*, of course, dwarfs its little "co-patriot," but they both work on the same lines, and I wish them both success.

GEORGE M. FOWLER.

Manor House, Horspath, Oxford.

The Paper for the Patriot

SIR,—I have not missed one issue of your paper for many months—ever since I first read it.

I quite agree with its politics and admire its truthfulness. Lady Houston is a real Patriot—long life to her. She is a very great asset to the British Empire.

My copy goes to neighbours, who much appreciate it, and I then send the paper to Ceylon. My friend there passes it on to an English Club.

Cecil de Winton.

Swallows Nest, Friday St., Nr. Eastbourne.

Abolish Summer Time

SIR,—One of the most remarkable theories ever propounded is surely the late Mr. William Willett's scheme for "saving" daylight by advancing the clock. According to this theory, we are supposed to derive benefit by having at our disposal an extra hour of daylight in the summer evenings for recreation, and we are asked to believe that by this means the race can be improved. It is claimed also that an important saving in expenditure for lighting is effected.

The opposing school of thought, however, maintains that these drastic changes in clock-time do not tend to promote hygienic conditions of life, and that the enforced observance of hours other than those which experience has proved to be the most healthy for us will, if long continued, lead to a gradual deterioration in the race. Solar time, they say, or as close an approximation thereto as may be practicable, is the only time which can produce the greatest good for the greatest number. They also contend that, in so far as saving in expenditure for lighting may be concerned, this is more than outweighed by economic losses in other directions; in any case, there can be no saving in anything which is detrimental to health.

Under these circumstances and in view of the doubts which have been expressed as to whether the objects for which the Summer Time Act was passed are attainable by the means adopted, namely, the alteration of the clock, would it not be advisable to consider the early withdrawal of the measure in this country? T.M.G.

53, Bishopsthorpe Road, S.E.26.

Nurse Cavell

By H. Warner Allen

NURSE CAVELL had been arrested by the Germans, but her name was still quite unknown to the public when I first heard it mentioned on a cross-Channel boat in August 1915. "She was a saint and offered her life for mine." That was the judgment passed upon her by a man whose life she had saved and who had at that moment no idea that she was under arrest.

About August 1914 a young Serbian came to Paris. He had just been married to a Belgian lady whose father was the head of a big engineering business in Liège. At the end of his honeymoon he stopped in Paris for business purposes while his wife went back to Belgium.

This Serbian had been a captain in his country's army and had won the gold cross, which is the equivalent of a V.C., during the Balkan War. When at the beginning of August war broke out his first instinct was to try and get back to Serbia and fight with his own people, but he was, I think, a little relieved when he found that that was impossible, for a journey to Serbia would have parted him a terrible distance from the young woman who was so anxiously awaiting in Liège.

He joined the French Foreign Legion as soon as possible, and I did not see him again until the beginning of 1915. He had enlisted in the Foreign Legion as adjutant in virtue of his Balkan war service, and he came out as a captain with the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honour.

Hard to Satisfy

Promotion and decorations in the Foreign Legion were only bought by the hardest fighting, but my Serbian friend complained that things were too tame. He wanted something more exciting and had volunteered for special service. So we drank a bottle of wine together and I wished him luck.

Months passed and I heard no more of him. Indeed, I thought he might well have paid the penalty of his courage. In August 1915, I was called over to England and returned by the boat that ran from Dover to Boulogne.

Nearly everybody on board was in khaki. There was one exception, a curious figure rigged out in an ill-fitting suit of the most ghastly red and brown check that I have ever seen. He wore a cap of the same material, drawn well down over his eyes. I mildly speculated as to the nationality and description of this odd looking person.

Suddenly he squinted up from beneath the peak of his hideous cap. To my horror he charged straight at me, threw his arms round my neck, and kissed me on either cheek. Kissing is a form of greeting which makes the average Englishman rather self-conscious, and it took some time before I could steady myself and realise that the ridiculous looking individual with brown beady eyes who had been hugging me was indeed my half-forgotten Serbian friend.

"You are the first familiar face," he exclaimed, "I have seen since I left Paris. These funny clothes are the best I could buy in Amsterdam when I had scuttled through the German wire."

So we went away and had a drink. My friend had found his way in accordance with instructions behind the German lines in Belgium. He had worked his way up to Antwerp and made plans of every fortification he passed. Then, in pursuit of his instructions he had had to perform something that frightened even him. He went up to Liège. His young wife was there and he was warned that the Germans knew he was a spy, somewhere in Belgium. The enemy counter-espionage was watching his wife night and day in the hope that she might try to get into communication with her husband and betray him.

He went up to Liège and stayed there for a fortnight, collecting the information that he had been sent to find. He found that his wife was a very well-known figure in that town. She was adored by all the Belgians for the fearlessness with which she fought the invading officers who had been placed in charge of the town and the contempt with which she treated them.

A Cruel Temptation

He longed terribly to have just a glimpse of the girl whom he had married only a few months before, but he knew that recognition would mean certain death. She imagined that he was fighting somewhere in France or perhaps in the Balkans, and it was almost inconceivable that she would be able to make no sign if she suddenly came face to face with a shabby individual in the streets who had her husband's face. So he endured for more than a fortnight, and arranged his movements so carefully that they never met.

When he left Liège he found that the chase was hot on his heels. He arrived in Brussels and decided that the game was up. The information that he had collected he passed on to others as the service demanded, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as he could. "Three Boches," he estimated, "and then a bullet for myself."

In these dire straits, a word came to him of a fearless woman who was helping those in despair. Her name was Miss Cavell. When he whispered this name to me he said, "You are the only person to whom I would ever mention her name, but she belongs to your people and as I am not likely to survive the war it is up to you to see that when everything is over her name is not forgotten. Till then, mention it to no-one."

He went to Miss Cavell to make sure that the information he had collected at such cost would not be wasted, and told her that he wanted nothing for himself. She, however, insisted that he was worth more than three Germans, and by her aid he was smuggled out of Brussels, with the Germans hard on his heels.

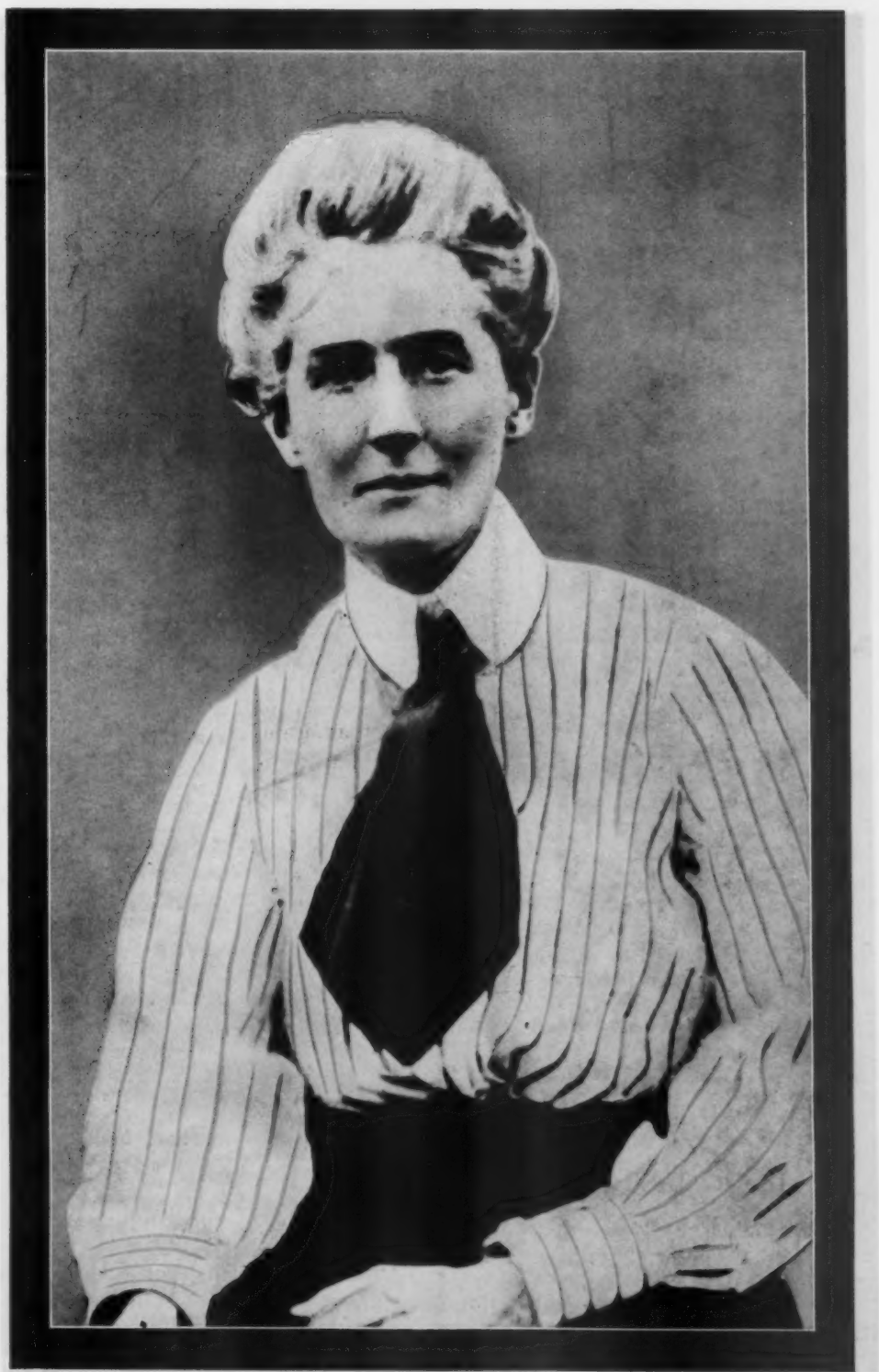
Nuno Cavell

1891-1971

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Heroine and Martyr

NURSE CAVELL DIED TO SAVE ENGLAND



and should be canonised as Saint Edith

The story ends in a very strange coincidence which I frankly admit I could scarcely believe if I had not seen it myself. I like to think that Nurse Cavell in the land to which she has gone knows of that "journey's end in lovers' meeting" which was the dénouement of my Serbian's adventure. Indeed I dare to fancy that even in her prison, where she was face to face with death, a ray of that happiness which she had made came to bring her consolation.

My Serbian friend was still telling me his story on the deck when the last passengers were crossing the gangway plank. Suddenly he gave a wild yell, and hurled himself towards the quay. The last person to cross the gangway was an extremely pretty fair girl of about twenty-two. To my amazement, he threw himself into her arms and there followed an exhibition of embraces which made our own greeting no more striking than a shake of the hand. The khaki clad passengers were either amused or uncomfortable. For myself I thought the chap had gone mad, and was identifying his wife with the first pretty girl he saw.

However, that mistake was soon cleared away.

For after a more than reasonable amount of hugging and kissing he led the young woman to me and introduced me to his wife.

On the crossing we filled in the gaps. His wife was as much amazed as her husband at their meeting. She had had no idea that he was in Belgium. She had fought the Germans in Liège tooth and nail until at last they could stand her no longer, and had exiled her from Belgium with a great "never to return" scrawled across her passport. Her husband had crept into Holland by an unorthodox route and had been eventually packed back to France. His wife had been seen officially across the Dutch frontier and after a certain amount of formality had been allowed to go and look for her husband in France where she had reckoned he would certainly be fighting somewhere in the front line.

I believe that they are both to-day happy and prosperous. For, by some extraordinary chance, the reckless Serbian fought his way right through the war with only a scratch or two. They and their children will ever remember the name of Miss Cavell as a saint and martyr.

An Empire Air Programme

Speed and Commercial Prosperity

By Oliver Stewart

MENTION of the word "speed," like mention of the word "alcohol," is apt to produce violent and surprising reactions. There are those who seek speed and there are those who abuse those who seek speed; the ayes and the noes. The first say that speed is both useful and entertaining; the second that it is a snare and a delusion, dangerous to life and limb and destructive of the philosophic outlook. Between those who rush about at all times as if the devil were behind them and those who would imitate the Monks of Athos and sit motionless contemplating their navels, striving to discern therein the apocalypse of nature and heaven unveiled, it is not my purpose to judge. But it is necessary to justify the pursuit of speed in certain specific directions if the present case for a constructive, progressive Empire air programme is to be well founded.

Few would deny that the fabric of modern commercial methods is based upon speed. From the factory to the showroom, it is speed that counts above all else and, no matter whether the article be boots or bedsteads, a gain of a second at any stage in the passage of the article from the raw material to the consumer will assuredly mean a lower price or improved quality at the same price. And what is true of the modern factory is true of the Empire when the Empire is regarded as a commercial undertaking, fighting other commercial undertakings on the grandest scale.

In an Empire as in a factory, a device which will enable heads of departments to keep in closer touch with one another, and accelerate the movement of the manufactured articles from one part of the "works" to another, will increase efficiency. The output will go up and there will be increased prosperity. Speed, in other words, produces a return in hard cash. Itself intangible, it can give tangible results. In the Empire speed could produce a return in hard cash on a huge scale. But up to the present we have ignored it.

Our system of communication and transport is out-of-date. We treat the whole subject as if transport were of as little importance to us as it is to France and Germany. No matter how great the natural resources of the Empire, no matter how hard the people in it work, they can never become commercially efficient and able to hold their position ahead of other countries while the existing obsolete system of communications and transport prevails. On the Empire trunk routes we take three and four times too long in conveying the mails. We wander and ramble about the world in vehicles which may be adequate for the carriage of tinned pineapples but are inadequate in the year 1934 for the carriage of express mail and of people travelling on business.

Look now at the other side. Suppose, for one moment, that a statesman were to arise who determined to achieve the maximum of Empire

efficiency. Suppose he were to examine the means at his disposal.

He would find that the cable and the wireless can offer high-speed communications but always with stringent limitations. He would find that for the ampler forms of communication, in which actual documents or letters must be exchanged, the aeroplane offers, by an enormous margin, higher speed communication than any other device. He would find moreover that, for the transport of people and freight, the aeroplane is the only high-speed vehicle. He would also find, incidentally, that the routes or airways are already laid and ready, and that where there's a wing there's a way.

A Penny a Mile

Modern types of the British air liner, all of them capable of carrying passengers in cabins which offer a fair degree and sometimes a high degree of comfort, can fly at maximum speeds extending up to 175 m.p.h. They have every kind of fitting that makes for safety; multiple engines, with two pilots' positions and wireless and navigating equipment. They can fly economically. One of them, the new Avro 642 monoplane, a machine with a maximum speed of 160 m.p.h., can carry its passengers at a charge including fuel, oil, salaries, insurance, replacements, depreciation, maintenance, overhauls, rents, landing fees and other incidental expenses, of one penny per passenger per mile. And a glance back at the historic Schneider Trophy race of 1931 will be a sufficient reminder that British constructors and pilots can outpace the world if in absolute speed they have the opportunity.

But this skill in the design of fast and economical machines is being wasted. What, for example, is being done with existing machines? How are they being set to the service of the Empire? The answer is about as disappointing as it could be. So far as large scale Empire air plans are concerned, and apart from relatively short distance air lines, these machines are scarcely being used at all and no large orders for new machines have been given. The Government appears satisfied with its almost invisible threads

of Imperial Airways lines towards Australia and to South Africa. It makes no provision for express mails; it does not plan any notable increases in frequency of service.

The obvious and immediate requirements on the Australian and South African routes may be put quite shortly: The effort should first be concentrated upon mails and not upon passengers. The mails should be flown in 200 m.p.h. machines (if passenger machines can do 175, mailplanes ought easily to be able to do 200 m.p.h.) and, since it is the time taken for the return journey and not for the single journey that counts in assessing the speed of mails, the frequency of service should be increased immediately to one service a day.

Personnel, machines and ground organisation could all be provided quickly if only the Government decided to use the aeroplane as an instrument of Empire. If a sound system of mail carrying were established, a sound system of passenger carrying would not be long delayed. But it is a mistake to concentrate upon passengers in the first place, because the safety of the passengers acts as a check upon the kind of vigorous development work that is needed in the early stages of air transport. The operating company must go very cautiously about introducing night flying and really high speed machines when it is carrying passengers; but when it is carrying mails it can branch out more strongly.

Strengthening the Empire

Aviation should be regarded, not as a little business on its own, but as an instrument of Empire, for achieving consolidation and concord.

By increasing the speed of communication between the parts, it can make the whole stronger and more efficient. The establishment of frequent and really fast air mail services on the two already pioneered Empire routes, to Australia and to South Africa, is the most urgent need in British civil aviation to-day.

In a subsequent article some actual examples of possible time-tables will be given, and then something will be said about the missing link in our Empire airways, the line between England and Canada.

Our Australian Visitors

By Arthur Lambton

THE arrival of the present Australian team in England tempts one to indulge in a comparison between the earlier sides that visited us from the Antipodes and those of the present day. Personally, I have always held the view that the 1882 team that defeated England by seven runs at the Oval and originated the term "The Ashes" was the most powerful of all the visiting sides, and those of 1880 and 1884 were only inferior (if they were inferior at all) by a fraction. They certainly were far and away the three most attractive XI's to watch, and if we take the 1882

team and analyse it we need not go far to seek the reason.

For many years now our Australian visitors have certainly not been quick-scoring sides, and the chief reason why there are so many opponents of playing Test Matches to a finish is that of necessity not only the Australians, but our own men are to a certain extent compelled to play a cautious, rather than their natural game.

So much is this the case that in choosing our XI one hears over and over again this sort of remark, "I should play A if the game is to be

played out, but if there is a time limit then B must play"—A, of course, being a much slower scorer than B. And even when the match is limited to four days a hitter does not stand nearly as good a chance of being selected as he would if he had been an active participant in the game under the old three days system.

Let us glance at the composition of the 1882 team. In W. L. Murdoch, their skipper, Australia possessed one of the greatest captains and batsmen in the history of the game, but it was his proud boast that he had under him the greatest bowler and the greatest wicketkeeper that cricket has produced. Few who saw them both play will cavil at his statement. Those who did not see the feats of Spofforth and Blackham are obviously not qualified to offer an opinion. It is sufficiently eloquent that in 1884 when Spofforth took 218 wickets, less than half-a-dozen were l.b.w., and he once told me at Folkestone that nothing pleased him more than this fact.

As regards Blackham, the amusing part is that when he first visited this country Murdoch was the wicketkeeper, and not till later in the tour did the skipper relinquish his post as 'keeper. In 1882, to support Spofforth in bowling were two wonderful trundlers in Garrett and Boyle, and, last but not least, George Giffen, who was so good an all-rounder that he earned the soubriquet of "The W. G. Grace of Australia."

Bonnor's Fireworks

But the two men who were the fireworks of the team were Hugh Massie and George Bonnor. I once asked Murdoch which he considered the greater hitter, Bonnor or Lyons? He replied that there was no comparison, that Bonnor easily gained the distinction. When he came out to bat one saw the ring of spectators move back.

Massie's driving was mostly along the ground, his favourite stroke being a lightning one past cover, and he had wrists of steel. As a foil to these two was Alec Bannerman, the famous stonewaller, but one put up with even his dreariest innings because of the pyrotechnic display that always came later on. T. Horan and S. P. Jones completed the 1882 XI, but Murdoch always averred that Australia would have won in 1880 had Bonnor not missed Frank Penn. The latter had made three when the giant put a simple one at slip on the carpet. The Kentish player made 27 not out, and England won by five wickets.

In the 1880 match the Australian bowlers were H. F. Boyle, G. E. Palmer and W. H. Moule. Giffen was not included, but what a difference his and Spofforth's presence would have made. The other hitter of the 1880 team besides Bonnor was Percy McDonnell. Massie did not come over until 1882.

A short time ago I read in a paper that an Australian convulsed a lot of youths in his own country by putting on a top-hat when flannelled and exclaiming "I'm a Test Match player of the 'eighties." If his remark had been veracious, he would have been an uncommonly fine cricketer.

It is no disparagement to our present visitors when I say that they could do with most of the bowlers whom I have cited.

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

QUITE apart from its other merits, "Death in the Fog," by Mignon G. Eberhart (Falcon Books, 7s. 6d.), is interesting. It is an American story, set in Chicago, and its plot, had it been treated in a conventional, slap-dash manner, would have resulted in an improbable, rather confused, ordinary sort of thriller. As it has been treated, the result is admirable, the suspense very real and the sinister atmosphere satisfyingly maintained. The mystery is well built up. The crime, which appears at first to be no crime, develops into a grim and disturbing problem.

"Death in the Fog" is worthy of being read seriously. It has all the thrills of a thriller and it has something more. Take your time over it. You will enjoy it the more if you do.

Murder in the Air

Another American story is William Sutherland's "Death Rides the Air Line" (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.). Here the problem is that of a newspaper magnate stabbed to death in a passenger 'plane on its routine journey from Boston to New York. Nobody saw the crime committed. Yet somebody in that aeroplane killed Walter Schlaf. Who? There is a welcome variety of plot treatment, in the life stories of the victim and four of the suspects, which Mr. Sutherland sandwiches in between the telling of the crime and the telling of its detection. The flying atmosphere is good, too.

An excellent story this to take your mind off the humdrum worries of everyday life.

Clue of the Ears

The only thing I have against "Sinister Quest," by T. C. H. Jacobs (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.), is the American crook-slang used by Detective-Sergeant Trotter. It jars. And I don't believe our C.I.D. men use the jargon of the gangster films. I hope they don't, anyhow. Otherwise "Sinister Quest" is a good full-blooded "thriller," with satanic Chinamen and opium dens, and priceless jade beads, and a villain known to the "Yard" as the "Ear Hound," because he hacks off the ears of his victims. The discovery of the well-kept secret of his identity makes an exciting story.

This is a book to read straight through. And when you have finished it you will probably want to see that all the doors are properly bolted before you go to bed.

The Handsome Dago

There is full blood, too, in the villain of Miss Hilda Danvers Dearden's "Strange Rendezvous" (Grayson, 7s. 6d.). Gad! But he is a relentless, handsome Dago! A killer—a woman killer—and the most swinish of swine. But I think it is a pity that Miss Dearden didn't take her story a little more seriously. Her idea is good. She shows us five people all of whom have the best of reasons for wishing to slay the Dago. And reasonable reasons, too. Who did it is the problem of the story. She tells her tale well, but she could have told it better. I appreciated this book more after I had finished it than when I was reading it.

Choose it for a lazy hour or two and don't be put off by the novelette-like phraseology of the first page. That is the worst page in the book.

Quick Action Thrills

Leonard R. Gribble's "The Riddle of the Ravens" (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) is what is known as a quick-action story, with Mr. Gribble's popular Anthony Slade as the detective in charge. The whole action takes place in a single night, and the incidents tumble so fast one upon the heels of the other, and the murders and assaults are so numerous, that the thrills approach dangerously near to farce at times.

If you like quick-action stories there is speed for you here.

A Merchant Service Epic

WHEN in 1920 the White Army campaign against the Bolsheviks was on the point of collapsing the British Navy and Merchant Service played a heroic part in braving Black Sea ice and minefields and Bolshevik shot and shell in order to rescue such of the White Russian population in Southern Russia as they could from the terrors of Bolshevik occupation.

The full story of heroism and of large-hearted care for the unfortunate refugees has yet to be told, but we get at least sufficient indication of its truly epic character in Captain Evan Cameron's "Goodbye Russia" (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d., illustrated) for all the modesty with which his share in the rescue work is there recorded.

The Scene at Odessa

In charge of the small ex-cargo boat "Rio Negro" of under 3,000 tons—recently converted into a transport—Captain Cameron in January 1920 set out through fog and minefields for Odessa which he reached just as the Bolsheviks were about to enter the town. The snow-covered wharves were crowded with refugees in every stage of destitution and misery. British bluejackets were superintending the embarkation and in due course the "Rio Negro" was packed with about 1,400 refugees.

"As we steamed out of harbour we heard the rattle of machine-guns, the whistle of bullets through the air, and were followed by an occasional field-gun projectile even to the anchorage. Fortunately nothing hit us. We had been ordered to anchor for the purpose of taking on board the Don Cossack Cadets. Our people in the "Ceres" had been so impressed with the bravery of these youngsters that they determined to rescue as many of them as they could. The "Ceres," therefore, remained in harbour to the very last possible moment. . . . Commander Power's knuckles were raw and bleeding profusely. He had had the difficult task of keeping back with his fists a horde of Russian men who were storming the stern gangway of the "Ceres" and trying to push past the Cadets to save themselves."

A Nightmare Voyage

The first part of the voyage to Salonika, with an over-crowded ship, with typhus raging among the refugees, only a small supply of medical stores, one surgeon and no nurses, with heavy seas to battle with and insufficient shelter from the cold above-decks and indescribable filth below, reads like a nightmare; but Captain Cameron's energy, tact and kindly sympathy for his unfortunate passengers, as the voyage proceeded, seemed to have worked miracles, bringing order and cleanliness out of chaos.

The "Rio Negro's" next rôle was to be hospital ship for refugees at Mudros. Once again, faced with sickness on board and medical deficiencies, Captain Cameron showed his great humanity and resourcefulness, winning for himself the love and admiration of all those under his care.

Towards the end of his book he tells us of the wonderful exploit by which the Destroyer "Swallow" saved the harbour and shipping at Batoum—towing a blazing oil tanker out to sea and sinking her on a sandbank four miles away.

Altogether a book that is calculated to stir the pride of every British reader.

A Humorist in Moscow

IF there is any quality which is conspicuous by its absence in the make-up of the communist Russian, it is a sense of humour.

So, if "Moscow Excursion" by P.T. (Gerald Howe, 5s.) ever comes under the notice of the Soviet's propagandist agents, we can be quite certain that its delicate irony and wit will entirely fail to elicit any appreciation.

P.T. is a lady who took part in one of those tourist expeditions which the Russian Soviet encourages in the vain hope of edifying the outside world. She went to Russia without any bias against communism; indeed, she tells us she would prefer communism to Fascism, and she sees some "heroism" in the struggle of the "Ten days" to establish the new State out of chaos. But expecting to find "the best of everything" displayed to her, she found "the real Russia as carefully concealed from the tourist as were the contents of the sacred Ark from the ordinary Israelite."

When all is so good, it is difficult to make selections for quotations. But here are a few extracts:—

We are beginning to merge. The drabness, the universal grey, the complete sameness of the people is having its effect on us. We are infected with the need, obvious in all the Russians one sees, of living only with part of ourselves, of storing up precious energy and enduring, enduring, enduring. The machine is getting us, we are falling into place, cogs in the great wheel. . . .

The Soviet cemetery (only the best people are buried there) is a masterpiece. It stands in the grounds of the Alexander Nevsky monastery, and at first sight looks like a Maori totem ground. For the memorial to each of the dead symbolises his calling in life. Thus an engine-driver was surmounted by a trio of traction-engine wheels. Above the airman propellers were erected; a soldier had a small imitation machine-gun. One grave was ringed round several times with wire netting; I got the impression the occupant must have kept chickens.

I have seen Stalin. Or rather I may have seen him, the chances being six to one against. . . I understand that six Rolls-Royces, each containing a dark Asiatic face huddled in one corner leave the Kremlin every night and return to it the next day and that nobody (even the chauffeurs) knows whether he has seen Stalin or one of the five understudies. There are, of course, no would-be assassins left in Russia, but, if there were, this ruse would hardly give them a dog's chance of spotting their man.

Finally, we come to the amusing account of a visit to the house of a member of the Communist Party, a man invested with seven directorships and endowed with tremendous eloquence.

"The Sickie and the Hammer, Work for All, the Soul of every Russian—" In a chance and soft aside to his wife I happened to mention lemons. Immediately A—came down with a bang. "Lemons? Did you say lemons?" And his face completely changed. Gone was the tranced gleam, the fanatical enthusiasm. "You said lemons. Have you lemons?" I nodded. And the gigantic creature leapt across the room and shook me by the shoulders with a sort of loving anger. "And you did not tell me. . . I have been talking and you have been keeping the secret. Come. We will go in my motor-car."

Humanity will out, apparently, even in the drab, mechanised existence which the Soviet régime enforces.

To the Heights

SIR EVELYN WRENCH is one of the minority that has deliberately elected to "shun delights and live laborious days"; he has risked setting out the first part of his life story within the modest compass of three hundred pages and is justified of the faith that was in him ("Up Hill," Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.).

From Picture Postcards to—

Brought up in comfortable circumstances, he was sent to Eton and encouraged to look to the Diplomatic Service for his future. He glimpsed the life and found it was not sufficiently dynamic, plunged into commerce and, while still in his teens, created such a business in picture postcards that his enterprise was buried under the weight of its own success. Then Alfred Harmsworth found him, and he entered upon eight years' activity with that strange autocrat, whose service so many of us savoured in the early days. Success was his goal.

Eastern philosophy tells us that if we desire anything sufficiently and possess the necessary will-power, we can win it, but that we must not think that the success brings happiness. His meteoric career gave him nothing more than a wide experience of hard work, the *vie de luxe* and a bank balance. He travelled far and wide, to one of the Chief's rising young men every door opened and the best was just good enough. But the real man was discernible to his friends, and in 1909 the time was ripening for a change.

A shrewd woman had told him "you have no generous impulses or rather you would have, but you check them . . . your career comes first."

The Call of the Empire

One year later, at the Memorial Service to King Edward in Westminster Abbey, when deep emotion rose to the surface, a call came. "The scales fell from my eyes. I stood outside my former self, the business organiser, the careerist. . . I vowed I would devote my life to great causes, to the Empire, to my fellows. . . I saw in a flash the divine conception of man." The experience was as startling and as sudden in its power of revelation as that which the Pope recalls in the Ring and the Book. "So may the truth be flashed out by one blow."

Sir Evelyn has done his work admirably. If the young Etonian bores us, he is so very smug and self-satisfied, the rising journalist interests because he reached heights not accessible to many. But the man who follows great causes greatly, holds us in sympathy and admiration, more particularly because he sacrificed material gain when the summons came, giving up much for which most men strive relentlessly and remorselessly.

The story ends with the establishment of the Overseas League. A further volume should find expectant readers in all parts of the world, for the League has more than 40,000 members, and all who subscribe to its views must have some interest in the man who formulated them. S.L.B.

Tragedies of Ireland

THERE are more senses than one in which tragedy is applicable to the history of Ireland. John Fitzgibbon, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, with whom Mr. Molony deals in "Ireland's Tragic Comedians" (Blackwood, 8s. 6d.), were born out of time; and, with the exception of the last, squandered their abilities in hopeless causes. The author is fair to Ireland throughout. For he says:

"Passionately though the Irish protest against the misgovernment of Ireland by England in the eighteenth century, they showed at all times a readiness to support England in the defence of the United Kingdom against a foreign invader. The drain on England's resources due to her war with the American colonies practically denuded Ireland of troops; left her defenceless against attack by any enemy of England. The Irish volunteers sprang into being to undertake the task of defence."

It was no doubt partly this habit of leaving Ireland to look after herself whenever England was threatened which has been responsible for that country's independent spirit and culture—both of which are fairly exemplified in the four human characters Mr. Molony has chosen for his theme; but I think a little more of their human characters and a little less of Irish politics would have disclosed his book in a fairer light. He gives us, however, memorable glimpses of some of the most dramatic episodes in Irish history; and if he crowds rather a lot into a small space of time, we must remember that history moves in epochs and that Ireland was going through a great epoch at the close of the eighteenth century.

Emmet as a Boy

We are told enough of early childhood or other formative influences to account for defects in his characters—as when he says of Emmet as a boy:

"He was fond of playing with chemicals, and he had the childish habit of biting his nails or sucking his fingers. On one occasion, having busied himself with chemical experiments and having neglected to wash his hands, he imbibed by way of his fingers some drug which made him extremely ill. He dosed himself with some primitive medicament, suffered tortures throughout the night, and appeared next morning with his face pinched and as yellow as an orange. It is strange that he did not consult his father, who presumably could have relieved him."

It was strange indeed; and such glimpses of domestic life not only speak volumes for the parents concerned in every case, but foreshadow characteristics which later come to maturity in the child.

So through the calm and tempests of home life and political intrigue, Mr. Molony takes us through the lives of four sincere but misguided patriots—one shot, one hanged, one full of honours and one who cut his own throat to escape the gallows.

Mr. Molony's appeal to Froude and Lecky as authorities on Irish history put him rather out of date; but he is abundantly right in his choice of Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Dr. Madden's many volumes.

He may be right in seeing comedy in that unfortunate island's history; but I think it is the tragedy that predominates. A.S.

Non-Fiction

NINE out of every ten Englishmen, Mr. J. D. Griffith Davies assures us in the preface of his life of Owen Glyn Dwr (Eric Partridge, 6s.), have only the vaguest idea about this famous Welsh hero. Yet Shakespeare gives us a fairly clear picture of the man under the English form of his name—Glendower, putting into his mouth not only the miraculous tales Holinshed told about his birth, but also the claim that Mr. Davies advances for him to culture and training at the English Court. Perhaps Shakespeare exaggerated Glendower's Celtic temperament, making him out to be more of a braggart than he was. At any rate, it is as well that a life of the Welsh hero should be written by a Welshman. And if Mr. Davies does find much to prove Glyn Dwr's greatness, he declines to regard him as a great patriot. "His rebellion did nothing to glorify Welsh nationality: it merely gave us another 'glorious failure.'" His treacheries and immoralities, Mr. Davies contends, were no worse than those of other great men in his age. And if he fought Henry IV to save his own neck and eventually suffered defeat, he at least fought gallantly to the bitter end and did not submit to the conqueror when his cause was lost.

It was a happy thought that made Dr. W. H. D. Rouse collect all the stories of Greek mythology that he had been wont to tell his young pupils at the Perse School into book form for the edification and delight of a wider public. It gives us a book that young and old should alike find fascinating reading. ("Gods, Heroes and Men of Ancient Greece," Murrays, 7s. 6d.)

In a preface to his new and revised edition of his little book "The Starry Heavens" (Nelsons, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Ellison Hawks scouts the notion that to know something about the heavenly bodies one must needs have acquaintance with the technicalities of Astronomy, and to prove his point he proceeds to enlighten his readers about the stars in remarkably simple language, free from any of those technicalities which might tend to frighten them. In order to make his book continuously useful to amateur observers of the stars he has added to the plentiful supply of plates and engravings, with which the book is illustrated, a series of star maps showing the heavens throughout the year. The first edition, published in 1910, had apparently a very favourable reception and the new edition should also receive a cordial welcome in many households.

A spirit of quiet contentment seems to emanate from the pages of Mr. Harman's "Sketches of the Bucks Countryside" (Blandford Press, 7s. 6d.) which contains a series of pen pictures drawn from the author's own intimate knowledge of the county and his deep affection for the people about whom he writes. The characters he so vividly presents have a sturdy independence, philosophy and humour that one cannot but admire. The book is written chiefly in dialect, but so skilfully that this adds to, rather than detracts from, the enjoyment of reading it.

One of the most interesting and complete regimental histories of the war has just been published. Its title is "The History of the 7th (Service) Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment" (Times Publishing Co. 5s.). Though it is, of course, only the record of one battalion, yet it brings intimately before one much of the ground-work and the detail of battle. Especially interesting is the account of the battle of Cambrai, where the inertia and lack of vision of both General and Divisional H.Q. led to that crushing enemy counter-attack of November 30th, 1917. It was an incredible state of affairs and though, at the time, the Higher Command whitewashed themselves at the expense of junior officers, N.C.O.'s and men, it is now common knowledge that the blame really lay with Headquarters.

Fiction

AMONG the best of recent novels is unquestionably Miss Morna Mactaggart's "Broken Music" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 8s. 6d.) both because of the delicate subtlety of its psychology and because of the air of simplicity about the building up of character and the development of plot. The story takes us to Germany and its theme concerns the consequences of an Anglo-German marriage during and after the Great War. The central figures are the English mother, her German husband and their two attractive children.

"Mother of Five," Henrietta Leslie's latest novel (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), bears little, if any, resemblance in form or treatment to her earlier very successful book "Mrs. Fischer's War"; yet it would not be surprising if it attained even greater popularity. This story of the fascinatingly irresponsible, indiscriminately amorous, restless, plucky and ever-optimistic Leah Pett and her five sons, with widely different temperaments, but with something of their mother in them all, gives the author plenty of scope for her undoubted gift for characterisation.

Mr. Hylton Cleaver has a light touch in humour and in "They Were Not Amused" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) he employs it most effectively, extracting a great deal of amusement for his readers out of the failures of an eccentric old man's relations to appreciate the ingenuity of his device for distributing his wealth.

Many good stories come from Greenland's icy mountains. One of them is "North is North," by Ainsworth Morgan (Grayson, 7s. 6d.). An exploration party to Northern Greenland discovers Aigo, an Eskimo leader, with all the charm of his race combined with an unusually keen intellect. He is brought back to London where he meets the dream-woman of a photograph he has seen. This dangerous experiment provides excellent material for the author's descriptive powers.

"Yesterday's bones make to-morrow's soup—if the stock is poor the soup suffers. . . ." Thus one of the character's in "Yesterday's Bones," by Stella Tower (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) reveals the moral of this entertaining story of heredity.

Miss Nora Stevenson knows her South Africa well, and she brings the atmosphere of the veldt into her absorbingly interesting story, "Whistler's Corner" (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.). It is a strong, if tragic, story, told with great charm of style.

Those in search for an amusing tale, crisply told, may be recommended to read "Five Days," by Eric Hatch (Putnam's, 7s. 6d.). With a company that comprises a young man, who has been robbed of his money, a burglar, with whom the hero scrapes up acquaintance, a hen-pecked husband, a Bishop and two charming girls, the author keeps the fun moving at a pace that hides all the improbabilities of the humorous episodes to which he treats his reader.

South America is selected by Mr. Thomas Rourke ("The Scarlet Flower," Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) as the scene both for a romance between an easy-going American engineer and a fanatically idealist girl and for the revolution that ends the romance through the imprisonment of the lady and the deportation of her swain. Mr. Rourke tells his story with a directness that is all the more commendable because of the sharply-outlined effect it gives to the description of scene and delineation of character.

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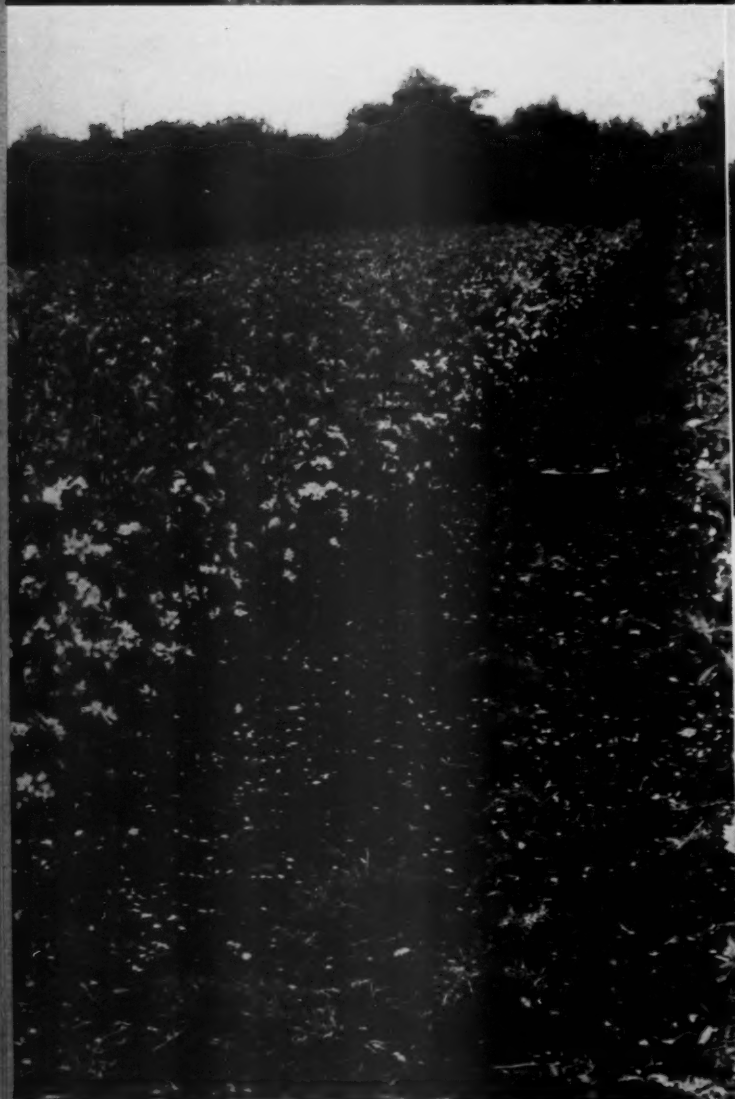
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SPRING

TIME



A veteran Cox's Orange Pippin tree, planted 8 years ago at Cockayne Hatley, and still bearing an abundant crop of perfect apples every year.



Workers on the Estate at Cockayne Hatley, planting out stocks for grafting, a vital process in fruit-culture.



A portion of the 350-acre estate, showing "maiden" trees.

Two-year old Cox's Orange Pippins, showing an excellent

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The English Apple to the Rescue

[By Our Agricultural Correspondent]

THE cultivation of the apple is one of the most promising and profitable of our agricultural industries and, ever since the introduction of dessert varieties in Chaucerian times and earlier, English horticulturists have propagated species which have become world-famous. It is, therefore, somewhat astonishing to discover from the Board of Trade's figures that nearly £80,000,000 worth of apples have been imported into this country since the War. Last year the sale of apples in England considerably exceeded £10,000,000. Of this quantity three-quarters, nearly 400,000 tons, valued at £7,500,000 were imported; and of that vast quantity only a small proportion came from the Empire, seventy-five per cent. of the imports coming from the United States.

Ten million pounds worth of apples consumed by, say, 50,000,000 people means only 4s. per person per annum or, according to the average price of apples, less than two apples per person per week. This great demand could be supplied by the English apple industry, and the Ministry of Agriculture has visualised a plan of planting some 4,000,000 apple trees, or more than one-third more than the number of trees already bearing fruit in England. Our climate is ideal for dessert apple production. Nowhere else in the world can produce to such perfection that king of the dessert apples, the Cox's Orange Pippin, which, when grown on the right soil, will keep from October to March without artificial storage. In fact, on Saturday, April 21, the writer was given a Cox's Orange Pippin picked last October at Cockayne Hatley and it was still in excellent condition.

Possibilities of the Market

In regard to the possibilities of the market, it should be noted that in 1931 7,600,000 cwt. of apples, valued at £7,900,000, were imported. There is thus an obvious need for increasing the apple orchards in England, since the Ottawa agreements provided for a tax of 4s. 6d. per cwt. on all foreign apples imported into the United Kingdom, which have increased by leaps and bounds until we are spending between seven and eight million sterling a year in buying imported apples. Meanwhile, the home orchard area has remained stationary, so that now of every ten apples eaten by the English people at least seven are imported.

These figures show that the home orchards should be more than doubled to make the country less dependent on imported apples, especially as fruit-growing in England offers such sound possibilities in the future. Much money is needed for development, and it is somewhat surprising that our financiers have not, as yet, devised a plan by which some of the millions now lying idle could

be profitably employed in developing fruit-growing in Britain. It is quite clear that this country could produce all the apples at present obtained from the United States, and it has been estimated by an expert that the investment of £1,000,000 would make possible the planting, cultivation and bringing into profitable bearing of some 5,000,000 apple trees which, within three to five years, would yield £1,000,000 worth of apples per annum, and this could be multiplied by ten before there were sufficient apples to replace those now being imported and then again multiplied by four or five in order to supply the whole population with an apple per head per day.

For every £500 capital employed, the head of one family of five persons can be given permanent and profitable employment, and as the trees grow, more and more employment would result, so that the extension on a large scale of apple cultivation in this country would considerably assist towards the reduction of unemployment on the land.

Most Suitable Area

Of the many varieties of dessert apples, the Cox's Orange Pippin is in a class by itself and will always bring excellent prices at Covent Garden, though there may be a surplus of other varieties. The demand for Cox's Orange Pippins is always far greater than the supply, and wholesalers are willing to pay up to a shilling a pound for the best quality. Investigations have brought to our attention that, with the exception of the Cox's Orange Pippin Orchards at Cockayne Hatley, in Bedfordshire, only a few fruit-growers in Britain specialise in this apple, which will sell in Covent Garden for anything from 13s. to 20s. per half bushel box of twenty lbs. all through the season, as against from 9s. to 12s. 6d. per whole bushel box of forty lbs. for the best imported American apples. This statement may be verified by the Covent Garden weekly quotation.

It has been proved by experience that a certain part of Bedfordshire is the most suitable area in England for the production of the best quality Cox's Orange Pippin, just as Havana is best for tobacco, Bordeaux for its Château Yquem, and the Hawaiians for pineapples. The superiority of this part of Bedfordshire in this respect is due primarily to the nature of the soil and the geographical and climatical situation of the county. The village of Cockayne Hatley lies just on the borders of Cambridgeshire, and the soil here is exceptionally well drained and yet retentive of moisture, due to the nature of the subsoil. The estate comprises 350 acres of land, with 500 acres more available for future development, and contains two natural reservoirs, each of which when full holds nearly 5,000,000 gallons of water, which

is not only a safeguard against drought but provides all necessary requirements for spraying and other purposes. The trees are sprayed several times a year as a precaution against blight and similar parasitic disease.

The estate was purchased four years ago, and already there are one million young trees growing in the nurseries. In four or five years' time these trees should show a net profit of £100,000 a year. Last year a test half-acre orchard of two-year-old trees produced £150 worth of Cox's Orange Pippin apples and showed a net profit of fifty per cent. on the yield.

It has often been stated that the Cox's Orange Pippin is a shy-bearer, but properly cultivated it can be made into one of the finest and most profitable of apple trees; it yields splendid crops when cultivated intensively, and apples which have been stored since the Autumn still taste sweet and luscious with all their pristine flavour. Proof both of the superiority of the soil of Bedfordshire and the life and vigour of the Cox's Orange Pippin is given by the fact that trees at Cockayne Hatley, planted sixty years ago, are still bearing a plentiful yield annually. The danger of late frosts, always a bugbear of fruit-growers in this country, has been practically eliminated on the estate by the use of petroleum heaters. The period during which frosts are a cause of anxiety is limited to two weeks in May, when the trees are in blossom. This is the delicate period of pollination. The temperature seldom falls below freezing point, and by the use of an alarum thermometer ample warning is given if there is a danger of frost during the night. It is interesting to note that Cox's Orange Pippin form the main bulk of the plantation, with Worcester Pearmain as the pollinator.

In regard to root stock, the Juan de Metz (East Malling type 1X) has proved to be the most suitable. A few years ago the owners of the plantation purchased many thousands of these stocks, which originally came from the Research Station at East Malling. In addition to the thousands of trees already planted at Cockayne Hatley, there are 1,000,000 more being propagated in their nurseries for next season and next year's planting. The trees are later planted as cordons, this system having proved particularly suitable for Cox's Orange Pippins. These trees bear fruit in the second year after planting, and become very profitable in the third year.

The land upon which the trees are planted is held in trust on behalf of the tree-owners, and the Company already tend trees owned by over 12,000 persons. The enterprise enables people who have no gardens of their own but who like apples as a fruit, and are interested enough to participate in an orchard which is properly conducted and managed in the right locality, to own their own trees and obtain the profits of the marketing of the produce. For the sum of £15 this Company offers to plant fifty Cox's Orange Pippin trees on freehold land free of all encumbrance, to be held in trust in perpetuity on behalf of the tree-owners; to give expert care and attention to the trees and to bring them into profitable bearing; also to

gather and market the produce for the consideration of ten per cent. of the net profits, or, alternatively, to send the produce to the tree-owners. Other varieties besides Cox's are planted for pollination purposes in order to ensure a good crop.

The yield from fifty trees should show a profit of from fifteen to twenty per cent. in cash or apples. An investment of £300 will purchase one thousand trees, the return upon which will be in proportion. The planting of an additional 150,000 one-year-old trees (now growing in the nurseries) is now in progress, and these should commence to bear apples in 1937 and be in profitable bearing in 1938. It is estimated that the yield, which will steadily increase, should continue for at least fifty years, and probably many years more.

Those desirous of obtaining further information concerning the orchards at Cockayne Hatley are invited to communicate with the Secretary at Cox's Orange Pippin Orchard, Cockayne Hatley, Potton, Bedfordshire, an invitation to visit which is cordially extended to all readers of the *Saturday Review*.

The Cinema

By Mark Forrest

MR. FLAHERTY, whose "Nanook of the North" and "Tabu" proclaimed him to be one of the greatest of film directors, has enhanced his reputation still further with his latest picture, "Man of Aran," which is at the New Gallery.

The Isles of Aran are off the Irish coast, and the few islanders eke out a spartan existence by fishing. There is little or no soil, since the islands are practically entirely rocky in formation, and such is the contour of the coast that the sea lashes itself to a fury rarely experienced anywhere else on the globe. Mr. Flaherty has spent eighteen months on one of the islands taking pictures of the inhabitants and their manner of life, but the sea is the hero of the film.

There are two sequences in which Mr. Flaherty shows the gathering and breaking of a storm—at the beginning of the picture where the islanders are trying to recover as much seaweed as they can from the waves, and again at the end where the boat in which they have put out to harpoon the "sun-basking" sharks is wrecked. These two sequences contain the finest pictures of the sea which I have ever seen on the cinema, and they do more than that because they are not just pictures; each "shot" is correlated, and the whole creeps up gradually to a magnificent climax. Mr. Flaherty has succeeded in harnessing the sea, and the final storm is as dramatic as anything which has yet appeared upon the screen.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street. (Ger. 2981)

Premier the Famous French Satire

"CHARLEMAGNE" (A)

with Raimu, and

"90° SOUTH" (U)

Scott's Epic Conquest of the Antarctic

Commencing May 5th. Anatole France's "Grainquebille" (U)

AN ATTRACTIVE INVESTMENT IN ENGLISH APPLE ORCHARDS

It has been repeatedly stated in the Press that this country needs millions of apple trees to supply Home demands and reduce Foreign imports.

COPO LTD. now have over twelve thousand tree-owners distributed all over the British Isles whose trees are planted for them by this Company on Company's freehold land, clear of encumbrance, at Cockayne Hatley, Potton, Bedfordshire, which location has proved ideally situated for the production of the best quality Cox's Orange Pippins.

This land is held by the Company In Trust in perpetuity on behalf of tree-owners.

The climatic conditions are such that, aided by expert care and attention, a good crop of apples is practically assured every season.

Last year one test orchard of two-year-old trees on less than half an acre of land, pro-

duced over £150 worth of Cox's Orange Pippins, the Company obtaining the top price for the whole product. *Fifty per cent. of this yield was net profit.*

In addition to the many thousands of trees now planted and to be planted this season, the Company are propagating 1,000,000 more trees in their nurseries.

Everyone knows that the English Cox's Orange Pippin is the king of all dessert apples, and is far superior to any imported apple.

For the production of Cox's Orange Pippins the Company have followed not only their own views but also those approved by the most experienced and highest authorities.

50 TREES for an outlay of £15

COPO LTD. now offer to plant 50 selected Cox's Orange Pippin trees on specially selected freehold land "clear of encumbrance," to be held in Trust in perpetuity on behalf of the tree-owners, to give expert care and attention to the trees and bring them into profitable bearing for the sum of £15 for 50 trees, or 400 trees for £120, which includes all charges.

The Company will then continue to manage the orchards and to gather and market the produce, or if desired send the apples to the tree-owners, for the consideration of 10 per cent. of the net profits derived each year from the sale of the produce.

The Company will issue a certificate of ownership of trees embodying the terms of this proposal under which the trees are sold.

The Company's Auditors will make an annual report to the tree-owners as to their profits.

The yield from 50 trees should give to the tree-owner a value equivalent to a 25 per cent. return, either in cash or apples, upon the investment of £15 for 50 trees.

The Board of Trade figures show that over £50,000,000 worth of apples have been imported into Great Britain since the war. Had those apples been produced at Home, fifty thousand more people could have been permanently and profitably employed on British soil.

Full particulars will be supplied on request.

Write to-day to :

COPO LIMITED

(Dept. F.R.)

COCKAYNE HATLEY :: POTTON :: BEDFORDSHIRE

The Old Inns of England

The Traveller's Point of View

By Clifford Hosken

WHEN the average road traveller arrives at a country inn he wants to be made a fuss of.

Generally he is hungry, or thirsty: cold, and eager for a sight of a comforting fire; hot, and anxious for a cool and shady place in which to rest; nearly always tired and consequently unusually captious and easily provoked to impatience. This is the state of mind so many innkeepers will not, or cannot understand.

If they would only study human nature a little more closely, many of the tourist's complaints against the country inn would be gone. For hungry and weary mankind is very responsive to sympathy. It asks to be led, to be relieved of immediate responsibilities and worries. Above all it does not want to have to argue.

First impressions are most important. Few things irritate the weary traveller more than having to wait for somebody to attend to him when he enters an inn. An indifferent clerk in a reception office whom the guest must approach, to be received in bored and smileless manner, has damned many an otherwise good inn as a cheerful, personal welcome, and an immediate willingness to serve has helped to make an otherwise indifferent one.

What the Guest Wants

The guest wants to be taken charge of at once, to be ushered into a comfortable room, to be asked his immediate needs and made to feel that his arrival is a matter of real interest to the house. Give him his tea or his drink quickly, or show him to his room at once. Tell him that his luggage will be looked after, or that his wet coat will be dried: offer him every comfort that the inn can provide, and he will overlook many shortcomings. The good innkeeper always thinks for his guests.

The same psychology applies in the matter of food and drink. To sit neglected at a table even for a few minutes is annoying. To have a menu thrust at him without any word of explanation or recommendation is to incite the guest to be critical. It implies, often quite rightly, that the innkeeper is not interested in the quality of the goods he offers for sale.

A pleasant manner and an air of concern about the guest's tastes can do much to satisfy. The waiter or innkeeper who goes over the menu with the customer, suggesting that the soup (even though it still be in the tin) would be comforting on so cold a day, that the beef is not too underdone, or that a little cold meat with salad on a warm day like this might be more agreeable, and so on, disarms criticism which the dumb shoving of a menu before the eyes creates.

It is the same with drinks. Many a traveller would drink wine with his meal if he were told a little about it by his host, but when his enquiries are met with an unconvincing, "I think it's all right" from a waitress who doesn't know claret from hock, the wise guest more often falls back on beer or whisky and soda, or water.

There is no excuse for this sort of thing, yet it is one of the commonest faults of English inn-keeping.

And now for a few general "kicks." To suggest that the cooking might be better is obvious. But there are good reasons why it can seldom attain a high standard, with which I will deal later. On the whole, the cooking is not too bad. But the innkeeper seldom makes the best of it.

A Wicked Habit

Usually he gives too large portions, which must be wasteful for him and are unappetising for the guest. It is far better to serve your dishes daintily and offer a second helping. Also he carves his meat too thickly, and sometimes has a wicked habit of serving it up with whatever sauce may go with it already placed on the plate.

In the general menu, he lacks imagination, so that you may lunch at one inn and dine at another, a hundred miles away, and be offered much the same fare. No monotony is worse than that of food. If only the innkeeper would study the products of the countryside and make use of them!

In the matter of sweets, he is worse. A freshly made fruit pie is liked by nearly everybody; as fruit salad, from tinned fruits, or stewed prunes and custard are disliked. Yet even in the height of the fruit season it is a safe bet that there will be a tinned-fruit salad on the menu.

In the matter of black coffee he is just inexplicable. Why won't our English innkeepers learn to make real coffee? It isn't a difficult art, and the profit at fourpence or sixpence a cup must be enormous.

He falls down badly, too, over light meals served at odd hours. He is too often reluctant to serve them, and his best suggestion is a slab of cold meat, without vegetables and frequently without salad. Why won't he learn the art of making an omelette—a real omelette, not the spongy sort of thing that too often goes by that name in English homes as well as inns? The omelette in its many forms is quickly made, and eggs are cheap. Or, failing that, suggest freshly cooked bacon and eggs, or anything except a slab of cold meat.

These and other shortcomings of too many of our country inns ought not to be difficult to remedy if the innkeeper really possess the will to please and the desire to be the master of his job.

THE CALL LTD.

(Registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts, 1893-1913)

A DAILY NEWSPAPER TO BE OWNED BY WOMEN

But run by Men and Women for Men, Women and Children

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The objects of The Call Ltd. are to publish a non-Party, clean, up-to-date Daily Newspaper, entitled "THE CALL," and to carry on a Printing and Publishing business.

TEN POINTS

It will not be a "woman's paper," but an ordinary newspaper for the edification of men, women and children, owned democratically and solely by women, produced by men and women working together on equal terms, and will stand for ideal co-operation between them.

"THE CALL" is to 1,000,000 women of every nation irrespective of rank, colour, or creed, to come out and arm against arms, to fight for Right against Might, and to promote international friendship.

"THE CALL" is to women not to shirk this great responsibility, for it is universally admitted that women can stop war by helping the men who are now fighting for Peace (but not Peace at Any Price).

In "THE CALL" Woman's point of view will be expressed as forcibly as that of Man when dealing with national and international problems and with the countless social evils which Man has not yet succeeded in eradicating. It will demonstrate that Woman is Man's true helpmeet, not only in the home but in all councils and administrative positions.

It will substantially support the candidature of suitable and efficient women for Parliament and public offices, and also that of men who adopt its policy, regardless of Party.

It will uphold the sanctity of the home. It will work devotedly for the welfare of children, and will inculcate kindness to animals.

It will educate young people to use their new-found enfranchisement for the public good.

It will strive to wipe out pauperism and "sweated" labour conditions. It will insist upon equal pay for equal work, and the enactment of laws just to all alike.

It will teach men and women that their interests are inseparable, that both are human beings equally entitled to freedom for self-expression, that every inherited talent should be fully used, and that the aim of all should be directed towards the high goal—the Brotherhood of Man.

With the help of the World's greatest power—Publicity—there is nothing good that women cannot achieve. They can accomplish big things in a big way, and there is nothing too good to be true.

As a business proposition "THE CALL" will be UNIQUE because:

- (1) The circulation of, at least, 1,000,000 will be assured before it starts.
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THE CALL LTD. is at present in the flotation stage and is managed by the Founder, an experienced journalist, who is assisted by a Committee of capable Women, and all give their services gratis. Further particulars may be had on application.

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To the Secretary of The Call Ltd.,
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Madam,

I herewith enclose the sum of £ s. d.,

being payment in full, or by instalments, for

..... shares in The Call Ltd.

Usual Signature

Christian Names in full and Surname (use block letters):
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Mrs. or Miss

Address

Date 193

Cheques to be made payable to The Call Ltd., and crossed
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Romance of England's Spas

By a Special Correspondent

JOHN DE VILLULA, one-time physician of Tours and later Bishop of Bath, has been credited with being the first since the departure of the Romans to appreciate the therapeutic properties of the waters of Bath. Indeed, until after the middle of the sixteenth century such other medicinal wells as were known to exist received only a grudging and anonymous notice from even such distinguished men of science as Dr. William Turner.

It was the patronage of Lord Shrewsbury and his unhappy guest, the Queen of Scots, and of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, that made Buxton known. And it was the belief that the wells of Wellingborough possessed the magic power to remove the blight of sterility, a belief subscribed to by both Henrietta Maria and Catherine of Braganza, that led to Wellingborough's brief popularity. Harrogate, however, has the distinction of being the first English watering-place to be honoured with the title of Spa.

Sometime about 1570 William Slingsby, whose family had long been settled at Scriven near Knaresborough, discovered the remarkable medicinal properties of the springs that force their way up through the up-ended strata of Yoredale Shales which lie close beneath the Stray. And in 1591 Queen Elizabeth presented Dr. Timothy Bright, best known as the father of modern shorthand, to the rectory of Methly in Yorkshire. This cleric had at one time been physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, and, though his writings are deeply tinged with the quackery of his age, he was fully conscious of the value of Slingsby's discovery. And it was he, so Edmund Deane asserts in his *Spadacrene Anglica* published in 1626, who "first gave the name of *English Spaw*" to the Tewit well at Harrogate.

It was not long before Harrogate achieved something more than a merely local reputation. Hither in 1631 came the aged and asthmatic Countess of Buckingham from the wells at Wellingborough, which had failed "to performe any thing worth her stay." Local accommodation suitable to the exalted rank of the old lady did not then exist at Harrogate, and in order that she should not have to undergo a wearisome daily journey from Knaresborough, a pavilion was pitched for her near the Tewit well, and there she resided for some weeks. It is recorded that she "was so happy as to receive a complete cure." The circumstance that she died the following year must be attributed to old age and not to the after-



(By courtesy of the British Museum)

effects of her cure or to her *al fresco* existence during the time that she was undergoing treatment. Queen Henrietta Maria lived "under canvas" without ill-effect when she took the waters at Tunbridge Wells.

During the next forty years Harrogate received much gratuitous advertisement from a series of pamphlets that came from the pens of physicians well-known in their day, of whom the most

distinguished was John French, physician to the Army of Parliament. The ever growing reputation of the waters, and the consequent increase in the numbers of those who came both to drink and bathe led to the erection in the eighties of Harrogate's first inn, the Queen's Head.

Harrogate's small size and solitary inn would seem to have precluded much in the way of entertainment for her patrons at this date. And when they wished for anything in the way of relaxation from their "daily doses" they were compelled to seek it at Knaresborough. Celia Fiennes, that indefatigable seeker of new sensations and devotee of fashionable foibles, records that when not undergoing treatment—she bathed in St. Mungo's Well "in 7 Several seasons and 7 tymes Every Season"—she took supper in the arbour by the Dropping Well at Knaresborough.

But the visitors to Harrogate in their sylvan retreat were not cut off entirely from the great world and its doings. When in 1688 James II's unconstitutional practices had wearied his subjects' past bearing, Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, prime mover in the conspiracy to bring over Dutch William, came to Harrogate ostensibly to drink the waters, but actually to raise Yorkshire for the Prince. In general, however, the placid tenor of Harrogate's way has been uninterrupted by wars and rumours of wars. Her history during the eighteenth century is an almost unbroken record of growing prosperity, a tale of fresh inns built for the accommodation of her guests, and a chronicle of their peaceful doings and—so we may judge—innocent pleasures.

The picture which contemporary guide-books present is a pleasing one, at least in retrospect. The social rivalries of the "House of Lords" and the "House of Commons," as the patrons of the two most fashionable inns—the Granby Arms and the Green Dragon—were known; balls every Monday and Friday at each inn in rotation, for which all guests had to pay a shilling and the gentlemen who danced four shillings; a daily dispensing of tea by each lady visitor in turn, and billiards and cards as the most hectic amusements.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

"Why Not To-night"

Palace Theatre.

IT is hardly fair to criticise a revue until it has been running for a week or so. By this time actors may be expected to know their lines and the production will have been speeded up. As it was, the show was much too long and showed the necessity for a ruthless blue pencil.

Mr. Herbert Farjeon, the author, is at his best when he is neat but not gaudy: when he tries to be broad he finds it necessary to delve into the dim and distant past for his humour. Some of the sketches were mere elaborations of jokes—not always in the best of taste—which our grandfathers used to swap over nuts and wine. If the show is to succeed—and I sincerely hope it does—they must be sent back to the museum from which they have been so audaciously stolen.

The real business of the evening was, of course, the mimicry of Nelson Keys and Florence Desmond. I can say no more than that sometimes it was only a glance at my programme which convinced me that it was Nelson Keys or Florence Desmond. Even now I am not quite sure: they may have been imitating each other.

Greta Nissen was entirely charming in everything she had to do, and the three Diamond Brothers knocked each other about to such an extent that I hope there are three more at home; they will be needed before the end of the run. Ord Hamilton's music was disappointing, but there were two charming ballets by Walford Hyden which gave Idzikowski every opportunity to display his brilliant technique.

"Biography"

By S. N. Behrman. Globe Theatre.

The laws of libel and blackmail in America must be very queer indeed. Apparently a somewhat promiscuous lady may reveal in her memoirs all the intimate details of her past, complete with dates, places and even names, and the victim of these delicate attentions is not considered in the least out of order if he endeavours to blackmail the publisher. I am glad about this, because if it were not so there would have been no play. The publisher was an uncouth young man and, although he fell violently in love with the authoress of these indiscreet revelations, his love turned to hatred when she, for reasons best known to herself, burnt the manuscript. There was nothing for it then but for her to go and be indiscreet somewhere else, and a chance telegram from Hollywood gave her the opportunity of making a happy ending, for herself at least.

A flimsy story, perhaps, but vigorously written with some really amusing dialogue. More important, it gave Ina Claire as the light lady an opportunity to display her talents, which are considerable. Her performance was natural and unforced and showed that she has the gift of perfect timing. Frank Cellier is always at his best when he is injured if not entirely innocent, and

Laurence Olivier by making the boorish publisher almost tolerable made it clear, if it were not so already, that he must not be allowed to forsake the English stage for America. Sam Livesey and Alexander Sarnier were well up to their usual standard, which is saying a good deal. The production, by Noel Coward, was easy and smooth.

"Secret Orchard"

Arts Theatre Club.

In this play the authors, Claude Roger-Mark and John Leslie Frith have made a gallant attempt at squaring the eternal triangle. The wife of husband A vamps husband B, and husband A falls genuinely in love with the wife of the vampee. They eventually decide to go away together and leave the vamp and her victim to sort things out for themselves. The weakness of the play lies in the fact that the plot is slender and the ending inconclusive. Its strength lies in its dialogue and its sympathetic treatment of a familiar subject.

Once again the acting counts for more than the play. Cathleen Nesbit got every ounce out of the character of Manuella. She was hard, brittle and languid in turn and was excellently supported by Anthony Ireland as her sulky and temperamental victim. Leon Quartermaine was once more his charming and polished self as husband A, and Carol Goodner gave a restrained and altogether delightful performance as wife B.

"The Master Builder"

By Ibsen. Embassy Theatre.

I have read this play some score of times and always thought it a bore. I have now seen it performed, and am convinced that I was right. I know that it is wicked of me to say that Ibsen ever wrote a bad play, but shall stick to my guns and face the criticism.

From the moment Halvard Solness told a palpitating audience that he was dizzy when he climbed up a tower, I knew that he was going to give a creditable imitation of Humpty Dumpty in the last act. He did, and nobody was surprised—least of all Henrik Ibsen. He was a madman, as far as I can gather, but who would not be with a wife who was always drivelling about her duty and the dolls which were destroyed when her ancestral mansion was burnt down? No amount of talk about trolls and vikings will ever convince me that this is not a pretentious and unconvincing piece of work. Donald Wolfit, Beatrix Lehmann and Margaret Rutherford gave exceedingly clever performances.

"Ten Minute Alibi"

By Anthony Armstrong. Phoenix Theatre.

This play has now been transferred to the Phoenix Theatre after a long and successful run at the Haymarket. It is such an excellent little thriller that I see no reason why it should not remain there as long as it did in its previous home. Bernard Lee succeeds Robert Douglas as Colin Derwent, and though he plays the part on slightly different lines, is an equally plausible and successful murderer.

The Rubber Plan

Effects of Production Control

[By Our City Editor]

THE long-awaited agreement for the international restriction of rubber production is announced at last and, though the outline of the plan is of the vaguest nature, a big step has been taken in the agreement not to permit any fresh rubber plantation. No mention of price fixation or the percentage of production which is likely to be imposed has yet been made, but in authoritative quarters the idea prevails that a price of 9d. per lb. or rather over is necessary to provide adequate depreciation and a fair return upon capital, which is the object of the scheme. Mr. J. G. Hay, a director of several rubber companies, who has taken a leading part in the negotiations for the agreement now reached, suggests that a reduction of something like 25 per cent. in rubber exports allowed would be sufficient to bring about an adjustment of the stocks position, with a likely price of between 7d. and 8d. per lb.

The immediate effect of the agreement was to raise the price of rubber to nearly 7d. per lb., compared with 2 7-16d. at the beginning of 1933, and the shares have been a firm market, though not actually blazing as one might have expected on the announcement of such an important change in the industry. The explanation of the moderate rise in the shares is to be found in the long upward movement which has already taken place on the strength of restriction agreement hopes.

The "Floriners"

Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java shares have come up from 4s. 9d. in the depths of the depression of 1932 to 24s. 3d., Rubber Trust from 5s. 9d. to 33s. 3d., London Asiatic from 10d. to 3s. 5d., and Linggi from 2s. 9d. to 20s. 9d. These are only a few examples to show how far the effects of restriction have already been discounted. Still, one cannot help feeling that many of the "floriners," the 2s. shares, which are standing at rather under par and on the fringe of the dividend-paying stage at the moment, are worthy of a purchase, though there are likely to be some violent fluctuations in the shares and the commodity until conditions become more settled.

For the scheme itself, one can only question the wisdom of placing in the hands of an only semi-responsible Committee the future of one of the world's most important commodities. The scheme as so far announced is more or less a copy of the Tin Restriction scheme, and leaves much to be desired in that it may permit a few highly interested persons to impose a quite artificial price.

Eagle Star Results

Among a somewhat "mixed bag" of insurance results those of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Company make a good showing, for Fire account again produces a higher transfer to profit and loss at £36,846, against £20,880 a year

ago, though from the large motor business with a premium of just over £1,000,000 the profit is only £33,322 against £43,509. From the past year, marine account transfers £25,000 to profit and loss while the profit from general business is also higher at £83,772 and the profit and loss balance is swelled by the quinquennial profit in the Life department of the "Star" closed fund amounting to £130,697. The Board are able to bring in £50,000 from exchange reserve, the total available being £528,932 against £323,331. The ordinary dividend of 20 per cent. is repeated and the directors are enabled to strengthen the position by writing off £101,872 including the expenses of the recent preference issue and £60,241 from the cost of life businesses which the company has acquired. These now stand at £245,000 against a cost of £606,277. The company's interest earnings amount to £154,767, whereas the dividends take only £147,502, so that substantially the handsome profits of the various departments are retained within the business.

Dunlop Dividend Doubled

The £1 stock units of the Dunlop Rubber Company have again advanced over the 50s. level on the announcement of a dividend of 8 per cent. for the past year, compared with 4 per cent. for 1932 and no dividend at all for 1931. The total improvement in net profits before provision for taxation is £652,789 in the past year, so that Dunlop profits for 1933 were apparently over £1,500,000 compared with £860,000 for 1932 and £480,000 for 1931. This recovery in profits is highly gratifying and the doubled dividend is not only justified but enables the directors to strengthen reserves.

Odhams Press

The profits of Odhams Press Ltd., expand substantially from year to year and the total of £527,235 for 1933 compares with £460,286 for 1932, the net profit after interest and depreciation being £332,464 against £292,197. The dividend is again 15 per cent., the larger preference capital requiring a higher dividend provision than in 1932, while the costs of the preference issue and the debenture conversion scheme, together amounting to nearly £80,000, are charged to revenue and the premiums on conversion, £37,272, were carried forward pending completion of the issue. The accounts for this year should show the benefit of these capital changes. Reserve is increased to £320,000 by the allocation of £44,965 and £81,036 is carried forward to the current year.

Odhams Press owns or controls many well-known newspaper and periodical publications including *The People*, *John Bull* and the *Daily Herald*, in the accounts of which latter the excess of expenditure over revenue is still charged to development expenditure and carried forward pending completion of its development programme.

Notes from a Musical Diary

The State of Opera

By Herbert Hughes

FOR all those who are interested in the presentation of opera and ballet in this country, and especially of British opera and ballet, there is a nice problem to contemplate in the latest report of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. For years Miss Baylis has had a stiff, uphill fight to keep the theatres of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells on the map, and could not have done so, it seems, without the substantial subsidies from the Carnegie Trust (some £50,000) and the B.B.C. (£1,000 a month for six months which became available at the beginning of the 1933-34 season).

Music-lovers, egotistically interested in fine art, are naturally concerned with its performance, and they have had the satisfaction of realising the tremendous improvement in every department at Sadler's Wells within the last couple of years.

To-day the orchestra is a first-rate one: you would have to search the whole of Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and so on, to find one of its size more efficient. The stage lighting, the mounting, the discipline of chorus and *corps de ballet*—all this has improved beyond recognition in a very short space of time. Unfortunately, the hard truth is that such progress has only been achieved at the cost of a handsome deficit—about £8,000 between the two theatres.

COMPANY MEETING

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED

Steady Growth of Profits

The fourteenth annual general meeting of Odhams Press Ltd. was held on Tuesday at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. J. S. ELIAS (chairman and managing director), after paying a tribute to Mr. W. J. B. Odhams, who had retired from the chair, said that the most interesting item in the accounts was the continued progress in the net profit of the company, which, after providing for depreciation and other charges, amounted to £332,464, as against £292,197 for the year 1932. The steady growth of the company's profit had been maintained year by year during the past eleven years, with the exception of a very small setback in the General Strike year of 1926. The directors recommended a final dividend of ten per cent., making fifteen per cent. for the year, and the transference to reserve of £44,965.

The trading turnover of the business and its subsidiaries during the year was in excess of £8,500,000; the total wages and salaries paid directly by the company and its subsidiaries during the year had amounted to nearly £2,000,000; their paper consumption had amounted to over 132,000 tons, the whole of which had been manufactured in the British Isles.

The progress of the *Daily Herald* had been continued, and it had to-day a net sale of 2,000,000, the largest of any daily paper in the world. *The People* had maintained its uninterrupted progress and now had a net sale of over 3,250,000 copies per issue. The net sales of *John Bull* had been steadily maintained in excess of 1,500,000 copies per issue. The technical and trade publications were in a satisfactory position, and the printing department continued to be fully employed. They had every confidence that the progress of the company would be maintained.

The report was unanimously adopted.

You cannot have efficient opera without an efficient orchestra, and the money has to be found somehow.

According to the aforesaid report it has become clear that the policy of running the two theatres as a joint enterprise is not turning out to be satisfactory:

Opera has apparently proved more successful at Sadler's Wells than at the Old Vic, and drama more successful at the Old Vic than at Sadler's Wells. Hence it has been decided to give the predominant place to opera at Sadler's Wells and to drama at the Old Vic, thus reducing the cost of transporting materials between them.

Unfortunately, in spite of very much better houses for opera, it is apparently established that operatic performances of good quality at reasonable prices must result in substantial deficits, even with the aid of the British Broadcasting Corporation subsidy. . .

This, of course, will surprise no one who has any knowledge of the financial side of opera-producing or the cost of keeping a decent orchestra together. The cost of rehearsals alone gives most managers cold feet, while the average amateur and critic, unconcerned with it, dispenses praise and blame right and left—blame too often preponderating. My own experience is that the agony is as much and as often the artist's as the listener's. The artist, when he is an artist *pur sang*—whether in the orchestral pit, in the conductor's seat, or on the stage—must have the very devil of a time when rehearsals are inadequate, apart altogether from the criticism which inevitably follows.

The Covent Garden Season

Almost synchronising with the Carnegie report have been the close of the Sadler's Wells season and the triumphant opening of the international at Covent Garden. That opening is, of course, as much a social occasion as an artistic one, and Sir Thomas Beecham gave additional colour to the event by rebuking the chattering late-comers for talking through the Overture. Would that other conductors had Sir Thomas's courage and presence of mind!

For an opera like *Fidelio*, with so much spoken dialogue in German, there could hardly be a better cast than that represented by Lotte Lehmann, Erna Berger, Kipnis, Janssen and Franz Voelker. Mr. Rex Whistler's new scenery impressed me as being more efficient and realistic than imaginative, which is a pity, even with vastly improved lighting.

The list of English singers taking part during the season is a pretty fair one, with such artists as Robert Easton, Mary Jarred, Joan Cross, Betsy de la Porte, and John Brownlee figuring in it. The exclusion (or omission) of Florence Easton and Eva Turner, two of the finest sopranos in the world, does not look well.

The seventh of the W.H.S. literary talks series will be given on May 15, at three o'clock, at 254, Earl's Court Road, by Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour, on "Women Novelists and their Critics." Mr. Horace Shipp will preside.

Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

AT the risk of appearing monotonous, I find it necessary once more to speak of complacency—that worm i' the bud which feeds on the damask cheek of so many of the B.B.C. boys. Examples gross as earth exhort me in the pages of the *Radio Times*.

In the first place we have our old friend the 24-hour clock. I am not an opponent of the 24-hour clock *per se*, but I think its use should be a purely *ad hoc* one. (I hope someone at the B.B.C. reads that sentence). In other words the twenty four hour system may be quite all right—if not a necessity—in official correspondence and the like, especially of course in war time, but it is unnecessary and redundant in the home. I do not care how other people tell the time but I will not be jockeyed into changing my habits by the B.B.C.

Complacent Humbugs

Yet the B.B.C. calmly states that "most listeners, as was to be expected, have found it quite easy to understand the new times." Was there ever such complacent humbug as this? The B.B.C. knows absolutely nothing about what "most listeners" have or have not done. The listeners whom I have questioned on the subject either find it irritating or else laugh it off with a shrug of the shoulders as one of the B.B.C.'s little jokes.

Moreover the *Radio Times* is going to give me a "Radio Times clock-face" to help me to add up nicely. I refuse to give it house room, not, as I say, because I object to the system, but because I

do object most strongly to this gratuitous and impertinent interference in my domestic affairs.

The B.B.C. has also placed its head firmly in the sand in the matter of children's birthday greetings. I have been told by many adults that the string of names at the end of the Children's Hour was annoying and stupid, and I know that, as the list grew longer, the balance of the programme was upset. But the children for whom the greetings were intended did not share the distaste of their seniors. On the contrary, it gave them a pleasant feeling of belonging to a huge organisation which had as its object the designing and carrying out of works of charity.

Pleasing the Pundits

There were, however, certain officials at the B.B.C. who shared the view of the peppery colonels and so the birthdays and all that they implied had to go. Never mind about the children so long as the pundits are pleased. Fortunately the B.B.C.'s renowned *mens conscia recti* came to the rescue and so the head, and most of the neck, remains firmly implanted in the sand.

Perhaps the most flagrant example of complacency is the B.B.C.'s adherence to the policy of diagonalising programmes. It has been pointed out again and again that this practice robs all listeners of an alternative programme for two nights in a week, but the B.B.C. sticks to its original contention that Regional listeners are disappointed if a programme is broadcast on National only, and vice versa. This was true when it was difficult to tune in to both wavelengths in the same set, but now that the cheapest set will give you at least two stations it is no longer relevant. The B.B.C. does not believe this, so the B.B.C. complacently says that it is not true; it is ambitious for a motley coat, and as far as I am concerned it can have one.

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